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# HUST

**JUNE 1996 CONTENTS** 



5 Bits & Pieces Howard Stern's Book Bongo Fiasco

A Beaver in Beverly Hills Edited by Aaron Lee

- **Feedback** Readers Stroke Their Pens
- **Erotic Entertainment** Sex Freaks Are Here! Edited by Evan Wright
- **Hot Letters** Petting-Zoo Perverts
- **Movie Parody** Hacked To Pieces: A Modest Film Proposal In Photos and Text
- 41 Sex Play Tight Fit: Corset-Queen Confessions by Don Vaughan
- 44 The Jerkoff A Story of Fear and Stroking and One Man's Release Fiction by Leonard O'Bannon
- 48 Serena and Trey: **Press-Ganged** Photography by Matti Klatt
- 60 Athena: Rich Bitch Photography by Clive McLean
- **Kisses of Death Part II** Why Are America's Porn Stars Killing Themselves? Report by Marc Medoff
- Leanne: Groupie Girl Centerfold Photography by Matti Klatt
- 84 HUSTLER Humor
- 86 The Great UFO Hoax Report by Gregory M. Kanon

Edited by Evan Wright

- **Regina: Luxe Interiors** Photography by Clive McLean
- **Katie and Erika: Bon Cherie** Photography by James Baes
- **Beaver Hunt** Covet Thy Neighbor's Wife

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### ASSHOL

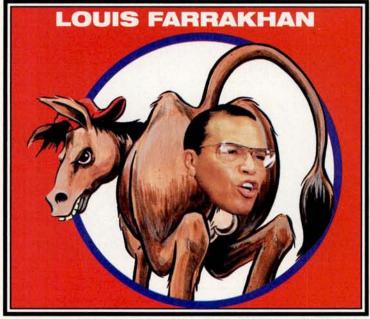
Louis Farrakhan is a former calypso singer and the current leader of the Afrocentric Nation of Islam. A foureyed, bow-tie-wearing, yam-pieshilling, Jew-baiting, white-devilhating, mumbo-jumbo-rapping national figure of fun, Louis Farrakhan is HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for June 1996.

Louis Farrakhan, as a grown-up, claimed that in 1985 he was taken aboard a flying saucer. Inside the Mother Plane, insisted Lou, he was told state secrets by a dead man.

Ten years after that incredible encounter, Farrakhan addressed vast multitudes of black males who had assembled for a Million Man March upon Washington, D.C. During his two-hour oration, Farrakhan portrayed himself as God's direct spokesman. ("Whether you like it or not, God brought the idea through me." "Whenever a nation is involved in sin to the point that God intends to destroy that nation, He always sends someone to make that nation know their sins." "God is sending His decision. I can't help it if I've got to make the decision known.")

HUSTLER tried to contact God for confirmation of Farrakhan's prophecies, but all phone lines to the Nation's spaceship were busy.

The Nation of Islam's theology bears about the same relation to true Islamic teachings as the Icky Shuffle does to the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater. What can be said about a religion that espouses a doctrine of a giant "Mother Wheel" spaceship built by black scientists on an island called Napon in 1929, a



Mother Plane that will act as home base to 1,500 flying saucers that will shoot flames and poison gas and be piloted by specially trained blacks in an attack upon America that will destroy the white population in a conflagration that will burn for 390 years? Whacky. Childish. Hateful.

The Nation of Islam holds that white people were created as a sick revenge 6,000 years ago by an angry black scientist who down-bred the Original Black Asiatic Man into a strain of physically, mentally and morally weak, blue-eyed, whiteskinned "grafted devils" who would torment his black brothers until the day of flying-saucer Armageddon.

In his million-man, two-millionyawn speech, Farrakhan told the

story of slaveholder Willie Lynch. Lynch, in Farrakhan's account, showed his fellow white men that the nation's slaves could be controlled for 300 years by stirring up fear, distrust and envy among them.

Farrakhan, whose Islam seems to rely upon stirring up fear, distrust and envy, warned: "You must live beyond the narrow restrictions of the divisions that have been imposed upon us." Within moments, he is preaching that, "The real evil in America is...white supremacy." "White supremacy has poisoned religion, social ethics and morality." "White supremacy has to die in order for humanity to live."

Fear. Distrust. Envy. In June 1984, according to the

FBI, Louis Farrakhan traveled to Libya. Farrakhan reportedly received a \$5-million, interest-free loan from the Libyan dictator, Muammar Kaddafi, who is widely regarded as a generous sponsor of international terrorism (fear).

Farrakhan told Reuter's Television that Jews are "bloodsuckers" of the black community (envy, distrust). His March organizers paid the city of Washington, D.C., \$158 for a permit to construct vending stalls. The stalls were rented to vendors (the black community) at a reported price of \$1,000 each. Such a deal!

Following his March "of atonement and reconciliation," Farrakhan returned to Libya in 1996 and visited such centers of worldwide terrorism (fear) as Sudan, Iraq and Iran. The holy man joined Iranian leaders in celebrating their 1979 revolution and the seizure of the American embassy. The great reconciler told a Tehran newspaper, "You can quote me: God will destroy America through the hands of Muslims."

The last item on Farrakhan's Million Man agenda was to exact a pledge of ten dollars a month from each of the brothers to establish "a national economic development fund." In Farrakhan's scheme, "the NAACP, the Urban League and all black organizations" would be financed by and held accountable to this fund. The fund would be controlled by...guess who?

If Louis Farrakhan gets his way, he will be to failed calypso singers what Adolf Hitler is to failed painters: one of the grandest Assholes in all infamy.

Farts in the Wind Gerard Finneran: Fifty-twonapkins to wipe his ass and year-old Gerard Finneran is an threatening a flight attendant who investment banker, an expert in Third World debt and a child at had refused to serve him more drinks. In pleading guilty to assault, Finneran said, "I had no heart. Last October, Finneran was arrested at New York's John

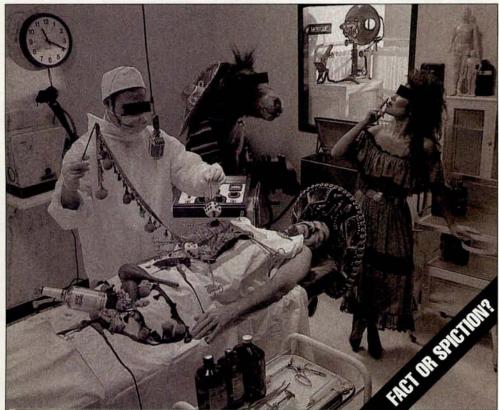
F. Kennedy International Airport intent to carry out the threat." Finneran's lawyer characterized him as a "marvelously decent human being." We'll upgrade that ticket to first-class Asshole.

Jorjik Avanesian: The Glendale, California, resident, arrested on suspicion of setting a fire that killed his wife and six children, confessed that he wanted to kill the children because "they were the product of the wife," said police. The three sons and three daughters, aged four to 17, were also the product of a heinously inflamed Asshole.

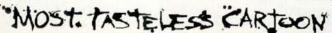
after a flight from Buenos Aires, Argentina, and accused of defecating on a service cart in the first-class section, using linen

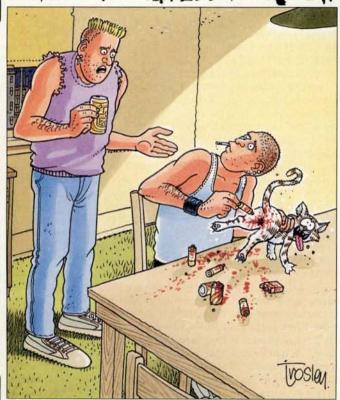
June HUSTLER

### Th III gal Ali n ^utopsy



News flash—the Fox Network is making millions of dollars by underestimating the intelligence of the American public. This time, the broadcasters responsible for Martin and Melrose Place are trying to pass off cruddy, B-movie footage as proof of life on other planets with their "documentary," Alien Autopsy: Fact or Fiction? HUSTLER has dug up some equally shocking and convincing photographic evidence of Fox's next surefire ratings reaper: The Illegal Alien Autopsy. See how far the U.S. Border Patrol will go to find a strange visitor's green card, turning up a bottle of tequila, a Tijuana whore, two maracas and seven pounds of half-digested refried beans in the process. Talk about beating a dead burro.





"Well there's your problem, pal...that's a kitten... I don't think it takes batteries."

### Porn Past



It's always refreshing to look back at a more innocent era, when people weren't afraid to lend their neighbor a hand. Nowadays, most people just give one another the finger.

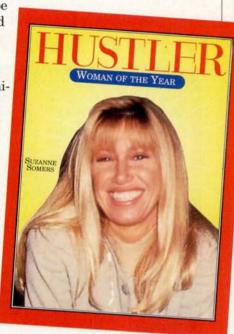
This touching photo earns Scott Bruno HUSTLER's thanks and \$150. Got any age-old smut in the attic? Send submissions to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



### Somers Likes It Hot

For her role as ThighMaster and ButtMaster spokesperson, and willingness to demonstrate said exercise equipment on national television; for giving

millions of men hope that their wives and girlfriends might make it to 50 with mouthwateringly perfect tits and minimal wrinkles; and for publicly and repeatedly stating the five most exciting words ever to leave the female mouth—"I love watching porno movies"-Suzanne Somers is HUSTLER's Woman of the Year. Take a bow, Suzanne-and stay like that.



### A Beaver in Beverly Hills



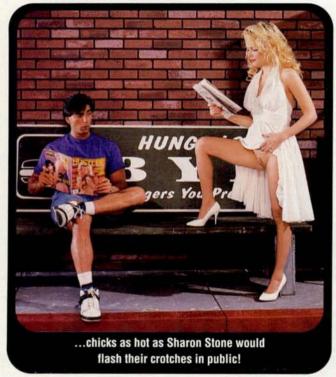
The ballots are tallied, the judges have toweled off, and Pompano Beach, Florida, native Pamela is HUSTLER's Beaver of the Year. Pamela's winning smile, cheeky personality and twin scoops of God-given teat meat first raised eyebrows in August 1995 HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt. After a landslide of votes, Pamela got a leg up on Larry Flynt, who flew the Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Winner to Beverly Hills and presented her with a check for \$5,000. Next month, Pamela's countless fans hit the jackpot when the busy Beaver plays lady luck in an extended photo-layout. Keep those Beaver Hunt entries coming, ladies, and HUSTLER will keep coming all year long.

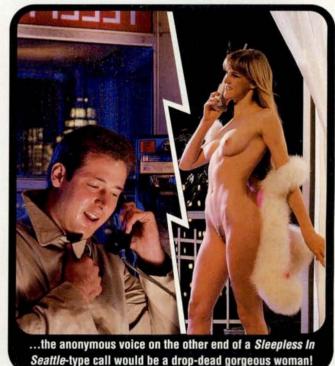


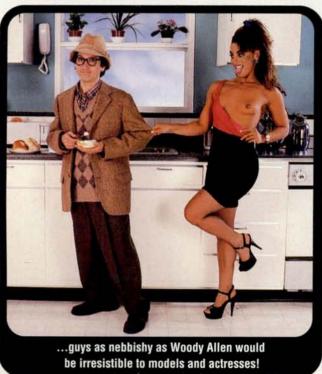
When a clerk in a Brooklyn subway booth was murdered recently, withered Presidential hopeful and amateur coroner Bob Dole declared the cause of death "Violence in the Media." Never mind that the homicidal hoodlums barbecued their prey with lighter fluid and a match; and never mind that gruesome murders in Brooklyn are no more unusual than corruption in Washington.

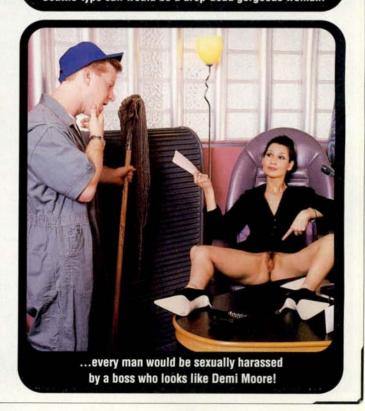
Senile—pardon—Senator Bob knows that a scene in a movie, Money Train, ended one man's life. HUSTLER doesn't appreciate suck-ass politicians painting the American people as monkey-seemonkey-do robots who imitate any entertainment that doesn't carry the Federal Government's Seal of Approval. Besides, things would probably be a whole lot better...

### If Life Really Did Imitate the Movies

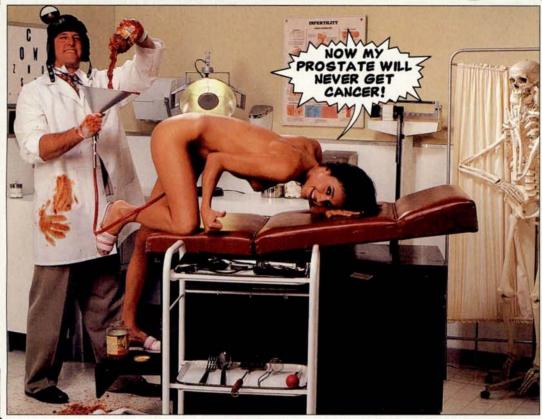








### n m rin r 3 u-



It's the attack of the cancer-killing tomatoes! When Harvard scientists discovered that lycopene, the substance that makes tomatoes red, also fights prostate cancer, the people of Poland celebrated by lining up around the block for Dr. Ragunofski's tomato-sauce enemas. Upon learning that only eating tomatoes will reap the health benefits—as well as the fact that women don't even have a prostate— 83-year-old Mrs. Igna Czojohowicz responded, "It can't hurt."



**≥SEE** 

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### Book Bongo Fiasco

It's time to admit that the so-called classics are about as fun as pulling nose hairs. Why not get one of today's most popular authors to liven up these tired old tomes?

"CALL ME BOSS," I shouted at my bonehead first mate, Ba Ba Booey. As we stood on the deck of the S. S. Vagina, the ocean's stillness was shattered by the passing of a schooner, and the salty sea air was shattered by my buttocks passing gas.

"Ahoy there," cried a peg-legged gimp in a sailor suit, holding his nose. "Have ye spotted a larger-than-usual whale with a peculiar snow-white forehead, a deformed lower jaw and a malicious temper which drives it to madness when attacked?"

"No, that **FAT PIG Rosanne** hasn't been on my show in months," I responded. "Have ye heard about Snapple Iced Tea's exciting new flavor?"....





....It was the **worst of times**, it was the **Best of STERN**. The French Revolution raged on with the storming of the Bastille. I was more concerned with my **RAGING HARD-ON** storming a **saucy wench's underwear**.

Sliding a hand into my wife's pantaloons, I whispered, "Alison, my beloved, do you swear allegiance to our beloved France and all things of French descent?"

"Of course," she replied. "Liberty, equality, fraternity or death!"

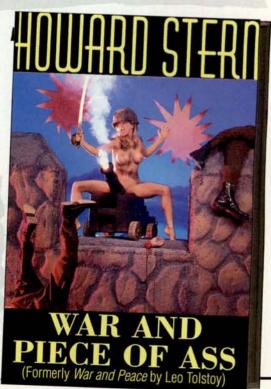
"Then how about joining me and Jessica Hahn in the bedchamber for a ménage à trois?" In response, angry Alison led me to a nearby guillotine.

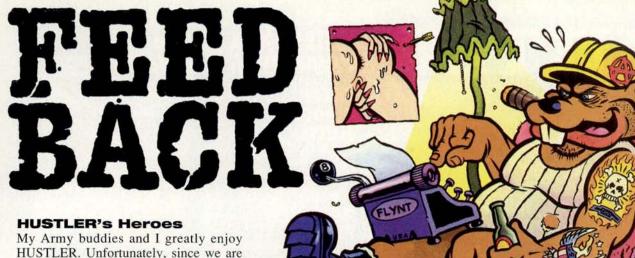
"Being in the middle of a **LESBIAN LICKFEST** is a far, far better thing than I have ever done," I proclaimed as the blade rushed toward my neck....

....At Schöngraben, Nikolay Rostov stood over the battlefield and wept, realizing he was faceless and ineffectual in the tide of destiny. **What a pussy!** I've been at war with the FCC for years, and you don't see me crying about it! Those fucking blue-haired old FCC cocksuckers have fucked me a lot worse than any soldier with a bayonet up his ass!

Meanwhile, Prince Andrey Bolkonsky bravely rejected his role as part of the administering forces, choosing to fight at the front. As opposed to the rear, like that **homo** Nikolay! Besides, what's so *fucking brave* about playing in the mud with a bunch of Commie Russians? I get on the radio and say **PENIS AND VAGINA** every goddamn day! Now *that* takes guts! **Fuck** Andrey Bolwhat'shisname, *fuck* Niko-gay, and *FUCK THE FUCKING FCC!* 

On the eve of the battle of Borodino, Andrey is visited by his brother Pierre....





My Army buddies and I greatly enjoy HUSTLER. Unfortunately, since we are stationed in Bosnia, we no longer have access to the magazine. All the boys would appreciate it if your female readers could send us some horny letters. You have no idea how a few hot photos can improve the morale of troops stuck in this hellhole. Thanks, HUSTLER!

—M. V., R. S., E. T., M. G. Bosnia

It's <u>every</u> HUSTLER reader's patriotic duty to mail our troops a letter of support—and every woman's duty to include a photo of her foxhole. Send missives, panties and old HUSTLERs to Any Service Member, Operation Joint Endeavor, APO AE 09397.

### **Drip-Drip-Hooray**

Thank the Lord of Porn for cum-shots in HUSTLER! I loved Stacy and Jill's pumped-up pictorial in the April '96 issue (Stacy and Jill: Pumped Up, April '96). Did I spot an actual oral penetration? In the very same issue, I believe I noticed Sebastian's dick in Jasmine's mouth (Sebastian and Jasmine: Captain's Log, April '96). I love the photo of sperm dripping on Jasmine's face. Keep it wet! —B. B. Jackson, Kentucky

You ain't seen nothing yet, B. B. The hottest year in HUSTLER's history has just begun to spurt.

#### **HUSTLER 101**

I consider HUSTLER one of the world's great literary lights. Seldom do I read anything as coherent and intelligent as Larry Flynt's fine magazine. Has there ever been a serious, academic work written about Mr. Flynt and HUSTLER? By the way, I have yet to see a Canadian "Asshole of the Month." Did I miss the Brian Mulroney issue?

—B. E.

Port Colborne, Ontario

With big, fat Assholes like Newt Gingrich and Rush Limbaugh in the United States,

B. E., it's hard to find room for a former Canadian prime minister. HUSTLER's fearless publisher has been the subject of a number of books, including Rodney Smolla's Jerry Falwell v. Larry Flynt; The First Amendment On Trial (St. Martin's Press, 1988).

#### **Porcelain Poetry**

Do my eyes deceive me, or did the Febru-



Sebastian and Jasmine: Captain's Log

ary '96 edition of HUSTLER neglect to include an installment of "Bathroom Filth"? I'm curious to know the rationale behind omitting one of my favorite features. Thank you for your time, and keep up the superb work.

—D. H.

Brooklyn, New York

Due to space limitations, February's "Graffilthy"—or "Bathroom Filth," as D. H. calls it—did not run. Here's what readers missed: Grabbed the brand-new HUSTLER, sat down and dumped/ Then my eagle eyes noticed "Graffilthy" was bumped/ I'd write them a letter, 'cause that really stinks/ But my fat ass is stuck; I just shit in the sink!

#### A Little Off the Top

My ex-wife had tiny, 28-A titties. Often, she'd arouse me by stripping naked and shaving her pussy. The combination of a bare cunt and a small chest is unbeatable. January '96's HUSTLER featured a gorgeous babe shearing off her pubes, but she was at least a C cup. Could HUSTLER possibly feature another model shaving soon—this time, without jugs?

—Desperate for Small Tits Greencastle, Indiana

Upcoming issues feature women of all shapes and sizes, Desperate. In the meantime, check out HUSTLER's sister publication BARELY LEGAL, where the models harken back to a time when all girls were naturally pubeless and flat-chested.

(continued on page 15)

June HUSTLER

The Award Winning...

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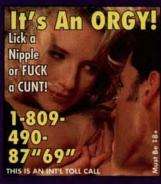




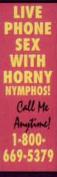


















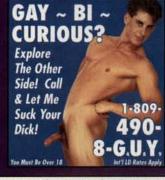




























### FEEDBACK

(continued from page 11)

### **Beaver for the Boys**

I'm Jesse, a private first class in the Army, and I'm writing in response to Rockaway, New York's Ashley, a *Beaver Hunt* candidate (*Beaver Hunt*, February '96). She said her fantasy was to be fucked in a tent on a Caribbean beach. Please direct Ashley to Cougar Base, in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. We have several tents and men of all sizes who would love to make her dreams come true. On behalf of the soldiers deployed here at Cougar Base, thanks for your time.

—Jesse

Port-au-Prince, Haiti

#### **Bull by the Porn**

After enjoying another provocative issue of HUSTLER, I decided to order an adult video from the back of the magazine. I clipped out the order form and sent in a check. After a lengthy wait, I received the worthless tape—a total waste of my hard-earned cash! The video consisted of nothing but outtakes from what appeared to be some pretty hot scenes—if, that is, more than 20 seconds of footage had been included. This crummy video couldn't get a rise out of a sexually deprived Bosnia ground-pounder.

HUSTLER's Erotic Entertainment is a great feature, but how can the general public order these acclaimed videos by mail without getting ripped off? The "Stroker's Guide" offers the names of distributors, but no addresses. My wife generally doesn't like it when I check out the chicks in porn movies; but who cares where I get my appetite, as long as I eat at home!

—D. C.

Hohenfels, Germany

When dealing with <u>any</u> mail-order business, D. C., stick to companies that list a phone number, accept credit-card payments and <u>don't</u> make outlandish promises. Meanwhile, you can find the addresses for major adult-video distributors—as well as your favorite stars—every month in HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. Don't forget to write.

### **Family Splatters**

I am a 25-year-old female, married to a wonderful guy named Jerry. We're both members of a local swingers club. He's very loving and a super stud in bed. I am tall, with nice legs and a well-developed figure.

My reputation for super blowjobs and a tight cunt keeps me constantly in demand at the swinger meetings. The last time Jerry and I visited the club, I wound up making love to a very close friend of my family. Afterward, he said, "You're a super lover—just like your mother and your sister."

If this guy tells me he is fucking my mother and sister, is he going to tell them about me? I thought I was the only whore in the family!

Should I talk to my family about what occurred between myself and this long-time friend, or should I wait and see if he spills the beans first? Suppose my mother, sister and brother show up at the club while Jerry and I are there. How should we handle them?

-Name and Address Withheld

Try a little lotion. Strictly water based, now; the oily stuff tends to weaken prophylactics. Sounds like your next family reunion ought to be a blast.

#### **Heather Report**

One of the ladies in April's issue stood out as something extra special. Heather (Heather: Heat Stroke, April '96) had the sweetest face and sexiest body on Earth. I'd love to see more of her, especially in a boy/girl layout. There's not a place on Heather's body where a splash

of semen wouldn't sizzle! Is there a video featuring Heather? If so, I'll take ten!

Dallas, Texas

HUSTLER agrees that Heather is spurtworthy from head to toe, J. R. Until she turns up in a video, why not aim toward her pictorial?

#### In Praise of Older Beavers

Don't you think a new category should be introduced to *Beaver Hunt*? There's rarely a Grand Prize Winner who isn't between the ages of 18 and 25 years old. Some fine older women are being overlooked. The March '96 *Beaver Hunt* featured Sissy, Roxanne and Rainy; Debbie flashed her gash in February; and January showcased Ruby, a classy 40-plus lady who sure got my juices flowing! I've got nothing against young stuff, but the senior Beavers deserve their due. What do you think?

—E. H.

New York, New York

The <u>Beaver Hunt</u> Grand Prize Winner is chosen by HUSTLER's readers, E. H. Perhaps they'll take your earnest plea to heart and vote age before booty.

(continued on page 25)





THANKS AND \$50 GO TO BUTCH K.

June HUSTLER



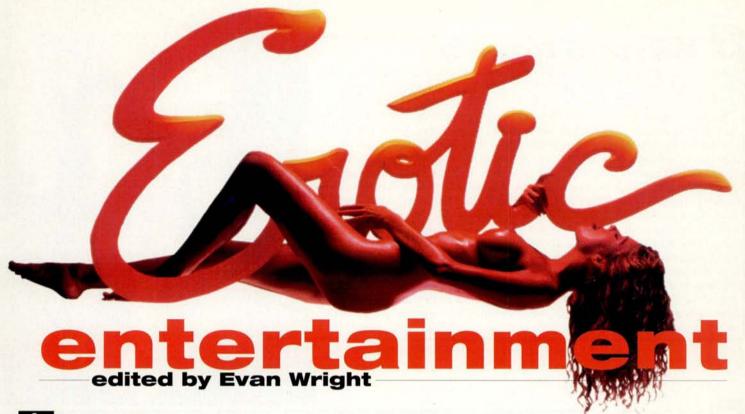






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Gregory Dark's Sex Freaks

FULLY ERECT. Directed by Gregory Dark; starring Stephanie Swift, Lovette, Nici Sterling, Kim Kitaine, Nyrobi Knights, Missy, Caressa Savage, Paisley Hunter, Lennox, Tom Byron, Alex Sanders, Rip Hymen and Nick East. Videocassette: Evil Angel Video.

Gregory Dark's Sex Freaks, a kinky, wet dream meandering through a twisted sexual landscape, might have been conceived by Salvador Dali. Rip Hymen plays an evil sexual genie who enslaves women off the street with voodoo figurines that look like Barbie dolls. Hymen compels the zombified snatches to perform deviant sexual acts on a stage in front of a cheering, lustful audience of masturbating men and women. In the first scene of awesome sexual power, Stephanie Swift plays a conservative yuppie whom Hymen induces to strip off her business suit and perform fellatio and anal sodomy with well-hung dudes in scary face masks and costumes. Paisley Hunter plays a bespectacled artist chick whom Hymen brainwashes into screwing a dozen dudes in devil costumes. The action is punishing and brutal-gang-bang is too mild and delicate a term to describe it. Meanwhile Lovette, whose face is a dead-ringer for Barbara Eden in her I Dream of Jeannie days, leads an orgy of cooze-licking, butt-slapping lesbians, and stumps Hymen's evil by proving that she's one sexy nymphomaniac who can take on any and all comers—in her sexy mouth, sopping cunt or tight, clenching asshole. This film rises above mere carnal pleasures and takes the viewer straight into Gregory Dark's realm of psycho-sexual dementia. Few other films match the intensity; few others can be looked at and stroked to as many times. Sex Freaks easily merits -Evan Wright HUSTLER's Fully Erect.



SEX FREAKS: Lennox in a hellacious gang-bang.

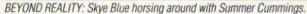


SEX FREAKS: Dead men's dongs for Lovette.

### Beyond Reality

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Bionca and Bruce Seven; starring Careena Collins, Felecia, Sahara Sands, Summer Cummings, Skye Blue, Lisa Rose Harper, Nicole London, Nici Sterling, Mark Davis, Peter North, Tom Byron, Wylde Oscar and Warren Scott. Videocassette: Exquisite Pleasures.

The movie opens with a lifelike Bruce Seven puppet locked up in a mental hospital. People who come to see him are driven to commit lewd, perverted acts of anal intercourse. Butt sex, as directed by Bruce Seven and Bionca, starts with the ritual of the chick who is about to get reamed showing her obedience by sucking the toes of the dude who is about to ream her. She spreads and has her cunt stuffed full of fingers, followed by thumbs up her turd hole. Then the lucky trollop is ready to have her brown-loaf bakery stuffed full of rising dong dough. Peter North uses this treatment to tame a wild blonde. Nici Sterling, kneeling in a blindfold, gets her holes stretched and lubed by a ginch with golden hair, before both get hosed down by a trio of studs led by Tom Byron. Two brunettes finger-wrestle each other's clit as a prelude to butt-fucking, and a blond/brunet duo with boobs the size of classroom globes display their sisterly love by gnawing, fingering and slapping their ass cheeks red. The plot of this movie revolves around the Bruce Seven puppet's attempt to break out of the mental hospital and commit more mayhem. Viewing Beyond Reality will arouse meat puppets everywhere to break out of their trouser prisons. -Mack Assarian





### F)

### **Angels in Flight**

HALF ERECT. Directed by Harold Lime and Jane Waters; starring Houston, Christi Lake, Rebecca Lord, Keisha, Alec Metro, Vince Vouyer, T. T. Boy and Jon Dough. Videocassette: Nitro.

A jet flies its crew of horny stewardesses and jumbo-hung passengers into the mile-high club. A towel-headed terrorist plots to blow the plane to smithereens, but first long-legged, XXX newcomer Christi Lake doffs her stewardess's uniform and blows a big-donged passenger to paradise. While she shouts "long strokes, yeah!" and "fuckin' A!" he drives his well-sucked schlong into her meaty heaven, pulls out and shoots thick ropes of cum from Lake's belly to her face. Rebecca Lord gets hungry for the meat baguette in Jon Dough's trousers, swallows it whole, lustily humps it, then kneels and frantically

fingers her love mound while Dough beats off on her face and sassy, upturned titties. Houston, who may have the sexiest mouth in the business, sucks choad and spreads her fat, puffy pussy lips for a reaming. Keisha lets Lord feast upon her huge, swaying whammies—each one bigger than Lord's head. Houston and Lake team up to neutralize the terrorist by detonating the sperm bomb in his pants. The movie offers top-quality females and high production values, but the pace and energy of the filming is lethargic and unimaginative. Angels in Flight does reach the mile-high club, but it's filmed on autopilot. —M. A.



STRIPTEASE: When the sperm hits the face, that's Amore.

### Striptease

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Jim Gunn; starring Heidi Von Hunter, Monique Amore, Nicollina Foxx, Barbie Brookes, Roxxie Raye, Shayla LaVeaux, Megan, Joe Louis, Shay and PJ. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

This movie presents a day in the life of eight horny, dick-swallowing, cunt-spreading, butt-fuck friendly strippers. Locations are perfectly sleazy and gritty-men's rooms, dark corners of bars and cheap motels. The first scene starts off with a blowjob free-for-all on the floor and behind the bar of a real New Jersey strip club. The kneeling, slobbering ginch who first sucks Shay's dong into rigidity and then coaxes a full load onto her face displays all the street instincts of a first-class whore. A bathroom butt-fuck follows; shit happens—and it can be seen, mid-stroke, on Joe Louis's dong when he pulls it from a grimacing slattern's thoroughly fucked ass. In the lesbo love scenes that follow, the sweaty wantons gnaw, paw and maul each other with the tenderness of prison inmates. Shayla LaVeaux-who's angel face is mismatched to a gravelly, deep voice-does an especially bangup job on Heidi Von Hunter's asshole for a strip-show audience, even as its members have their prongs expertly mouthed by hungry hussies. As a realistic look at feverish, nasty sex caught on the run in semi-public locations, this film scores high.

The 13th annual Adult Video News Awards Show took place this year on January 7 at the Aladdin Theater for the Performing Arts in Las Vegas, Nevada. Touted as "the Academy Awards of porn," this year's AVN show was the biggest ever. Celebrants and paparazzi crammed the 7.500-seat Aladdin Theater and were treated to a show that rivaled the Oscars in glitziness, noise and hubris.

Nearly 100 awards were handed out in categories ranging from Best Box Cover to Best Film. Some of the year's biggest winners were: Kaitlyn Ashley for Female Performer of the Year, Rocco Siffredi for Male Performer of the Year, Jenna Jameson for Best New Starlet, Latex for Best Shot-on-Video Feature and Blue Movie for Best Film.

The 1996 AVN Awards Show video is available now from adult-video retailers everywhere.



Kaitlyn Ashley.



Hosts Julie Ann, Bobby Slayton and Jenna Jameson.



Rocco Siffredi.



Jenna Jameson.

### Kiva's Creme a la Face

FULLY ERECT. Directed by Kiva and R. D. Walker, starring Kiva and 50 anonymous cocks. Videocassette: K.P.C. Productions.

Anyone who's seen those weird, intensely sexual but problematic art-school chicks and wondered what it's like to get it on with one should check out Kiva's Creme a la Face. Kiva is an intensely beautiful and weird chick who explains in a spacey, deadpan manner at the opening that this film is to celebrate sperm and the act of male ejaculation. The 50 scenes that follow are of Kiva—kneeling, sitting, standing, lying back, tied up and so on—with a new dong in her face. She sucks them, pulls on them, offers her twat and finally, in each scene, accepts full loads of jizz across her lips, nay-nays, tongue and teeth. In this piece of modern art, Kiva's body is the canvas, and the brush strokes come from 50 puds, each one painting her with the sperm and the sweat of inspiration. The National Endowment for the Arts may not approve, but HUSTLER stands up for modern art with a Fully Erect.

KIVA'S CREME A LA FACE: Kiva looking for a faceful.



HALF ERECT. Directed by Austin Ellison; starring Asia Carrera, Brit Andrews, Dallas, Jessica James, Busty Britany, Tony Tedeschi and Joey Silvera. Videocassette: Vivid.

Scandal, a fictionalized XXX trip "between the sheets at a major magazine," gets high marks for authenticity of characterization and setting from we professionals who spend our days working between the sheets of a major magazine. Scandal has the pill-popping, chain-smoking, stressfueled editor, the burnt-out photographer, the foxy chicks with big tits and kittenish lips who are hired solely for their ability to fuck the photographer and the editor. Featuring stellar slots, a plot that carries and adept footage of salami slicing sushi, Scandal's shortcoming is in the area of canon power. Only two dudes in the entire flick have workable dicks; so Asia Carrera is given a choice of Joey Silvera or Tony Tedeschi and of course takes both, and a blond bitch to boot. Despite Carrera's valiant prurient efforts, Scandal needs more infamy. -Christian Shapiro

SCANDAL: Tedeschi scandalizes Andrews's gash.



### 6

### Demolition Woman

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Phil M. Noir; starring Isis Nile, Bunny Bleu, Tricia Yen, Lynn LeMay, Jonathan Morgan, Alex Sanders and Steven St. Croix. Videocassette: In-X-Cess.

This time-traveler sci-fi fuck flick is cheesy as hell in its special effects and in its stolidly contemporary-looking futuristic sets, but thanks to old-fashioned happy humping, *Demolition Woman* will leave many viewers with wrecked turkeynecks. Brunet, busty, sultry Isis Nile slurps the glad gonads of Jonathan Morgan and Alex Sanders, swizzles their sticks in her musky pouch and eagerly participates in the double drenching of her face in cum. Wearing glasses and heaving a chest of overblown flesh balloons, blond Lynn LeMay is a lady who thrills at the taste of Sanders's testicles, and Alex savors the flavor of eating Lynn's bountiful ass. Morgan is doubly pleased to pud-punch the pussies of Bunny Bleu and Tricia Yen; and Nile reappears to lick the cheese from between Steven St. Croix's toes and suck a long drop of facial glob from his wad hose. *Demolition Woman* is a good break.

—C. S.

DEMOLITION WOMAN: Special delivery to Bunny Bleu's ass.





PAPRIKA: Spicy whores serve ass goulash with sausage.

### **6**

### **Plaything**

HALF ERECT. Directed by Ernest Green; starring Nikki Tyler, Jessica James, Patricia Kennedy, Nina Hartley, Chris Sharp, Marc Wallice, Tom Byron, Tony Tedeschi and Joey Silvera. Videocassette: Vivid.

Nikki Tyler, a scathingly pretty, statuesque, covergirl blonde whose artificial, icon breasts are compensated by the genuine gleam of her nut-tightening, sultry-slut smile and by her rabid, avid, gonad-strumming tongue, plays "a wildly successful sex therapist who counsels with the aid of fantasy role playing." Anyone who believes this will believe that Nina Hartley is playing Tyler's roommate and not her mom, but believers and nonbelievers alike will share the joy of Nina and Nikki faithfully trading cunt-sucking and dildo-shoving duties; the glee of Marc Wallice and a supporting stud twin-stuffing Patricia Kennedy and churning choad all over her wide, appealing mouth; the fun of Hartley in a nurse's outfit taking Tom Byron's temperature with her finger up his ass; the happiness of Tony Tedeschi's fat prick playing with the faces of a redheaded snizz and flaxen goddess Tyler; and the sport of Tyler flexing up and clinging like a yellow-hair, magic-ass monkey onto Joey Silvera's rod and bod. Plaything is a common carnal amusement. -C.S.

PLAYTHING: Nikki Tyler and Nina Hartley model their play thingies.

### Paprika: The Last Italian Whore

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Joe D'Amato; starring Erika Bella, Alberto Sanchez, Shalima, Joe Scalzone, Philippe Soine, Marina Perla, Robert Malone, Cristina Ganz, Luisita Duarte and Susanna Lettieri. Videocassette: Xcel Films.

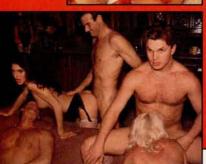
The word whore is considered impolite in most circles, including among hookers, callgirls and other sex professionals, and Erika Bella, whose gaping, cock-hungry asshole stars as the top-grossing moneymaker of Paprika: The Last Italian Whore, is judged to be ruder than most sphincters, including those delicate, feminine shit rings so roundly abused throughout Paprika: The Last Italian Whore. The prods of Paprika take special delight at pulling their plump, bursting prongs out from the poop chutes they are poking, exposing the open rectal ring to the camera's eye, then reinserting their fat cocks up the skewered lady's chocolate box. Another favorite activity among Paprika's studs is to whip their wands directly from an Italian whore's crapper straight into her mouth. One whimsical gent receives gratification by pulling his poop puncher from the anus of one lady and cramming it down the throat of another, a feat he repeats with aplomb. The first viewing of Paprika will probably not be the last.



Kathy Willets in Naked Candle.

John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut.





### HARD STORIES:

Wouldn't it be nice if people could jerk off to porn films and learn about current events at the same time?

The adult-entertainment industry is certainly trying to make this vision come true. John Wayne Bobbitt's penis mutilation was the basis of suck-and-fuck film John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut, porn star Savannah's drug-addled suicide was dramatized for stroking pleasure in Little Girl Lost, and now Sterling Pictures XXX-ploits the story of Kathy and Jeff Willets's run-in with the law in Naked Candle.

Jeff and Kathy Willets, as reported in HUSTLER's September 1992 Under the Law: Sex, Videotape and a Deputy's Wife, were a married couple who ran a prostitution ring from their home. Jeff was employed as a Broward County sheriff's deputy during the time he was

moonlighting as a pimp. Ultimately, Jeff and Kathy Willets both served sentences for illegal wiretapping charges stemming from Jeff's closet cinematography efforts of Kathy at work with the johns.

With the release of Naked Candle, the Willetses get a chance to set the record straight, settle a few scores and let the world see Kathy Willets take it up the ass from the likes of Alex Sanders, Dave Hardman and Peter North.

Previous reality-based porn films have not fared well in these pages: John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut scored a Totally Limp rating and Little Girl Lost scored a Half Erect.

The makers of *Naked Candle* hope that the addition of porn luminaries Rebecca Lord, Nikki Sinn, Lovette and Stephanie Duvall to their cast will make for hard-core success.



Naked Candle.

Little Girl Lost.

P., P. AND PERVERTED: Jamie Lee meditates on cunnilingus.

### Street Legal

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Brad Armstrong; starring Nikki Tyler, Juli Kelly, Anna Malle, Melissa Hill, Bobby Vitale, Joey Silvera, Vince Vouyer and Marc Wallice. Videocassette: Vivid.

The illegal, the illicit and the obscene activities of an all-girl car-theft ring are the can't-lose subject of Street Legal. A fast, funny, slick-fucking porn entertainment, Legal combines two of modern man's favorite obsessions by cum-spritzing professionally tweaked, highend quim across the hoods of professionally tweaked, high-end automobiles. A pair of sweet, blond, pinkmeat pussies squirm out of coveralls to get wet and nasty in an all-gash, grease-monkey coupling that fulfills the anal-licking requirements of the service agreement. Raven-haired dusk trench Anna Malle takes condom-coated cock up her murky crapper and a load of ball slop upon her copper chin. Glamorous blond boober Nikki Tyler assists a big brunette in siphoning a prick's jizz, then Tyler and Malle team up to milk Joey Silvera outdoors, followed by the capper of Marc Wallice's penis pinning Tyler up against a car from behind and working wad from her face to her tits. -C. S. Street Legal will bust most nuts.

### Pierced, Punctured and Perverted

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Morty Valentino; starring Jamie Lee, Dixie Downs, Cory Gates, Fame, Jack Hammer, Dick Nasty, Rick Masters and Kyle Stone. Videocassette: Filmco.

Pierced, Punctured and Perverted is a catchy title promising unusually skanky and nasty sex. When it comes to skanky, this film does deliver—skanky locations of a tattoo parlor and a head shop, and horny, dick-hungry slatterns covered in skanky tattoos and body jewelry. When it comes to nasty, the goods aren't all there. True, there are the requisite cum facial shots and a thorough DP early on, but mostly, this is a collection of unrelated sexual scenes. Dick Nasty nicely tail-nails and face-sprays a grunting brunette in one scene, but neither of them displays the tattoos or kinky body-art promised on the box cover. Jamie Lee sticks out her pierced tongue, blows a tattooed dude and takes it up her tattooed ass, but nothing's especially perverted about this hurried scene. Not a bad film, Pierced, Punctured and Perverted gets a less than average rating for committing one of the gravest and most common sins of the XXX world: breaking its box-cover promises. —M. A.

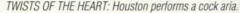


STREET LEGAL: Vitale with a mouthful of Nikki Tyler.

### Twists of the Heart

HALF ERECT. Directed by Fischer Lear; starring Houston, Tiffany Million, Sally Layd, Valeria, Barbi Bond, Kyle Stone, Nick East, Vince Vouyer and Alec Metro. Videocassette: Nitro.

The setting is daytime in a clean, somber living room. Widow-like, Houston arrives with crematory ashes in an urn. Precisely the number of sex performers required to populate a bare-bones fuck flick are lounging in formal, black garb, all weepy and sobbing with grief. Someone dear has passed to the other side. It is a sacred moment. Time to reflect upon bygone orgies and sneak off to screw the survivors. Houston drops tongue straight onto a goateed hipster's prong, and he snuffles in her pastrami garden. Back at the wake, two mourning studs take a short-cropped blonde into a side room for the double consolation of dick up her ass and snatch, and a double fount of jizz to her young, sweet face. Two dirty blondes converge upon a snoozing dick's prick. Tiffany Million and Houston spit on their silicone mounds and rub saliva nipple to nipple. A slow-hand horndog plays for the repose of a bawdy blonde's hole. Twists of the Heart is edited with a preponderance of tight, insert shots, as if a soft-R cable version had been combined with a hard-core XXX edit that didn't fully mesh, and is thus less likely to result in a twist of the hard.





### Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of X-rated features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



### **Fully Erect**

Superior. A top production.

#### Beaver and Buttface (Sin City)

Rebecca Lord, Kelly Jaye, Buck Adams

#### **Borderline (Vivid)**

Celeste, Nici Sterling, Steven St. Croix

### Compulsive Behavior (Odyssey Group)

Tiffany Mynx, Sharon Kane, Mike Horner

### Russian Roulette (Nitro)

Houston, Victoria Paris, Mike Horner

### What's Up, Tiger Pussy? (VCA)

Brittany O'Connell, Kaitlyn Ashley, Mike Horner



#### Three-Quarters Erect

Above average. Hard-on material,

#### **Boob Town (VCA)**

Taylor Hayes, Olivia, Steven St. Croix

#### Cyberanal (VCA)

Vanessa Chase, Eden, Rocco Siffredi

### Hot Tight Asses 13 (TCKS Entertainment)

Davia Ardell, Caressa Savage, Max Hardcore

### Pussyman 12 (Snatch Productions)

Misty Rain, Caressa Savage, Jon Dough



### **Half Erect**

Standard fare. Has moments.

#### Batbabe (Hip Video)

Kia, Kaitlyn Ashley, Mike Horner

#### The Doll House (Cal Vista)

Jen Teal, Lisa Ann, Alec Metro

#### **Gangbusters (VCA)**

J. R. Carrington, Lennox, T. T. Boy

### P. K. and Company (Soho Video)

Patricia Kennedy, Sarah-Jane Hamilton, Jake Steed

#### Shameless (VCA)

Jill Kelly, Kirsty Waay, Tom Byron

### Streets of New York Volume 5 (Pleasure Productions)

Barbie Brookes, Heidi Von Hunter, Joe Louis



#### One-Quarter Erect

Poor, Don't expect much.

### Byron Long at Large (VCA)

Byron Long, Gina Rome, Claudio

#### Carnival (Paradise Visuals)

Jill Kelly, Sindee Cox, Tom Chapman



### Totally Limp A waste of time and money.

A waste of time and mone,

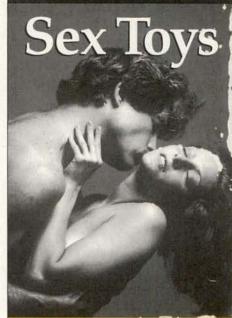
### Public Places 2 (Wicked Pictures)

Rebecca Wild, Brittany O'Connell, Buck Adams

### Western Nights (Wicked Pictures)

Tera Heart, Anna Malle, Jonathan Morgan





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### FEEDBACK

(continued from page 15)

### **Fists and Flexibility**

I'm a fan of Beaver Hunt, and particularly enjoyed the recent photo of Carol with her big, wide-open snatch (Beaver Hunt, March '96). Women with giant pussies that can accommodate just about anything fascinate me. While in Amsterdam, I was excited to find magazines with fist-fucking pictorials. Hairy pussies are also quite a turn-on for me. Can you recommend a distributor of videos of women with huge, hairy pussies getting fist-fucked? While I've got your attention, maybe Beaver Hunt could run a contest for the biggest, hairiest pussies around. -J. M.

Lake Arrowhead, California

When it comes to fist-fucking, J. M., HUSTLER would love to give you a hand. Such tapes are, however, scarce. Stock up next time you're in Amsterdam.

### Squack Wacko

Fellow members of the HUSTLER flock: We must never forget that an extra-special hole only emerges from the mass of average cunts every decade or so. Failure to respect the Universal Law of Freakish Labia is tantamount to defecating on the most sacred principles of the hallowed HUSTLER doctrine. All neophytes must bow in forgiveness for their atrocious betrayal of HUSTLER history! —T. T. Stillwater, Oklahoma

Sounds like yet another reader stared too long into the Texas Tunnel.

#### Sex-Lax

I've been a faithful reader ever since I was a kid, sneaking Dad's HUSTLERs into the bathroom with me. I consider your magazine to be the best dick laxative there is; one dose, and everything is flowing like it should. I would really like some free stuff.

—K. B.

Deland, Florida

Now that you're a man, K. B., it's time you knew the facts of life: Nobody rides for free. Maybe you should stop stealing Dad's HUSTLER and start buying your own.

#### **Whore Deal**

I'm a forcibly retired bank robber who loves masturbating to HUSTLER daily. After all, memories of past sexual conquests fade. Speaking of which, I'll never forget drinking Long Island ice teas in

New York's Bowery district. A woman at the bar asked if I wanted to come up to her apartment for a ten spot. Her lack of makeup revealed a face discolored by wine sores and God knows what else. I followed her upstairs and paid my ten dollars in advance, as she requested.

As I rolled on a Trojan, the bar whore asked, "Why are you bothering with a condom?"

"There are a lot of diseases going around," I replied.

"Sweetheart," she laughed, "I got diseases that will rot that rubber off!"

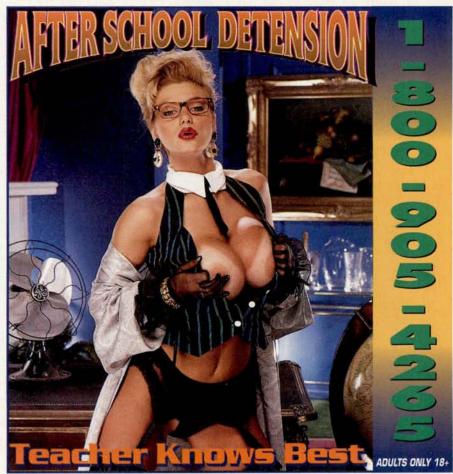
I fled, and when I sobered up the next morning, a thought occurred to me: How many guys pay in advance and then run like hell when she uses that line? Hookers are unbeatable when it comes to finding a trick's vulnerable spot. The moral of the story is curl up with a HUSTLER. It's safer and won't set you back ten bucks.

—J. M.

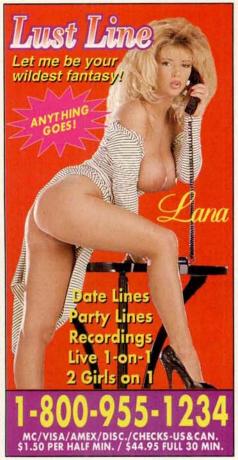
Leavenworth, Kansas

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER <u>Feedback</u>, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.





June HUSTLER 2

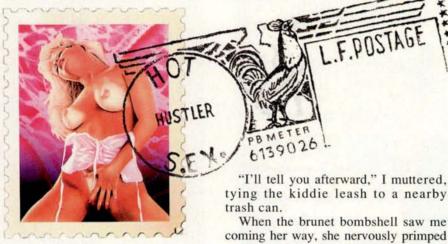








**Hot Letters** 



#### PETTING ZOO

Throwing a kiddie leash on my son and daughter and walking them through the city zoo was one of life's few joys after Paula and I split up. The smile on Darryl's face and the gleam in Melinda's eyes are the only things that keep my mind off the golden-fleeced, piping-hot honeypot that squeezed out both of them. I've been so horny since the divorce proceedings that I fear carpal tunnel syndrome in my right hand—an especially sorry fate for an artist and sculptor. Jesus, I've been depressed. If only I could mold Paula's pliant, bounteous breasts between my fingers once again.

"Daddy, why does the baboon in that cage keep showing its ass?" asked precocious scamp Melinda, disturbing my carnal revery. I let loose the vinyl strap in my hand and tussled the wide-eyed toddler's hair, figuring five years old was as good an age as any to learn the facts of life.

"When the female wants to attract the male," I explained patiently, ignoring the unwanted attentions of a shit-flinging simian, "she makes a great show of displaying her bright-pink butt cheeks."

'Like that woman with the cutoff jeans who keeps bending over the railing to feed the elephant," exclaimed Darryl, tugging at my shirtsleeve. A quick glance in Jumbo's direction revealed the biggest, most tempting rump I've seen in ages-not to mention the ass on the chick. The pleasingly plentiful rearend was attached to a leggy honey with long, brown hair; kind of small up top for my taste, but her face was so staggeringly beautiful, I almost didn't make it down that far. Almost.

Melinda was still wrapped up in the monkey's business, and demanded, "Then what happens, Daddy?"

tying the kiddie leash to a nearby When the brunet bombshell saw me

coming her way, she nervously primped and teased just like her apish, caged counterpart.

"It's so sexy to see a man who really cares about kids," said the dark-eyed sex bomb in a breathy, excited tone. Under a tight, white T-shirt, her nerps stiffened before my very eyes—the tittie toppers appeared to be the size of my thumbs. I struggled to keep up the requisite prequickie small-talk bullshit, but couldn't seem to keep my line of sight above her neck. Finally, I went for broke.

"I don't know your name, and I don't really care," I began. "I've spent the whole day watching monkeys a lot hairier and uglier than me get lucky. And if those nipples of yours don't poke my eyes out first, I'd really like to see you naked. Right fucking now." The foxy lady's face turned bright red, but she just as quickly caught her composure and called my bluff.

"My name's Joan," she announced,



looking me squarely in the eye, "and the lump in your jeans had better be as big as your talk." This chick had style and class-including the way she daintily held my hand as she led me behind Jumbo the Elephant's cage. Instantly, Joan and I fell into a passionate embrace.

Somewhere in the distance I could smell Jumbo's peanuts and hear children screaming, "Let us go!" Thank goodness, the sound of the little brats fighting with their parents was drowned out by the frantic beating of my heart and Joan's heavy breathing in my ear. I slid my hand into her cutoffs and was surprised by a soaking-wet pussy with no panties.

"You've got me so hot, baby," she moaned. I intended to keep her that way. My fingers went to work, massaging her clit with the feather-light touch that has won my sculptures such acclaim. Of course, critics hadn't liked my work since Paula threw me out. I had to get my ex-wife outside of my head. Burying my head between Joan's legs seemed like just the antidote.

Cupping her plump butt in my mitts, I repeatedly stabbed my tongue between Joan's baby-soft pussy lips. Instinctively, she parted her thighs further and dug sharp fingernails into my shoulders. The only thing sexier than the slow and steady gyration of Joan's hips was her guttural moaning. Even Jumbo the Elephant trumpeted a playful blast in response to Joan's symphony of sex. Excited beyond belief, I freed my monster choad and lifted Joan's legs by the ankles. She gasped at the sight of my throbbing vein.

"It's as big as Jumbo's trunk," she muttered, dazed by the teasing of my dick head against her love button. "You've got to give me a taste." In all honesty, the only thing I wanted to do was plug Joan's fuckhole until she begged for mercy, but as a gentleman, I allowed her a few sucks of hard cock. I stayed on my knees as she deep-throated my rigid rod, plunging her face in and out of my lap and tickling under my nads with electric fingertips. When Joan tried to sneak a finger into my sphincters, I decided enough was enough.

"Let's get down to brass tacks," I demanded, "not ass attacks." Flipping Joan onto all fours, the sight of her bootylicious butt almost forced me to go back on my no-anal-invasion policy, but her upside-down clam beckoned far more temptingly. I nudged my first few inches

(continued on page 37)







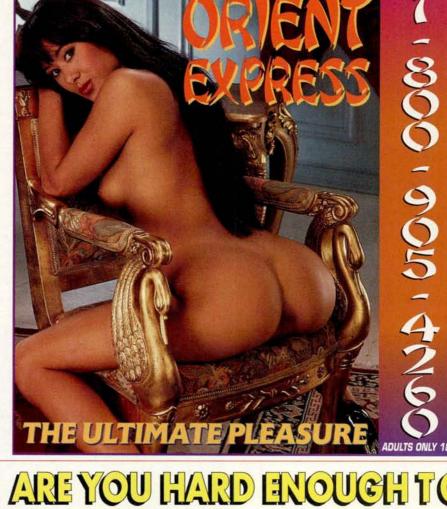




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HACKED TO PIECES

First Draft June 1996

The next day, at UCNT Film School, the student body pays rapt attention to guest lecturer Quentin Tarantino. Campus cutie Donna Horkumplecks, however, is distraught, distracted and a little bit disgusted.

WAIT A MINUTE!

COULD HE BE THE PERSON
WHO STRANGLED MY DORMMATE, CANDY? NO, THE KILLER
THREW HER CORPSE ONTO A
BED OF PASTA, NOT GREENS!
WOW, AM I PARANOID.
AND, BOY, IS
TARANTINO UGLY!

### HUSTLER MAGAZINE

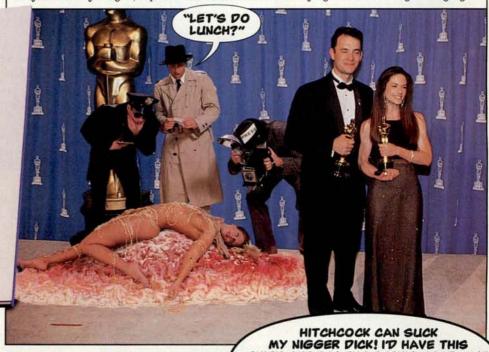
### MEMO

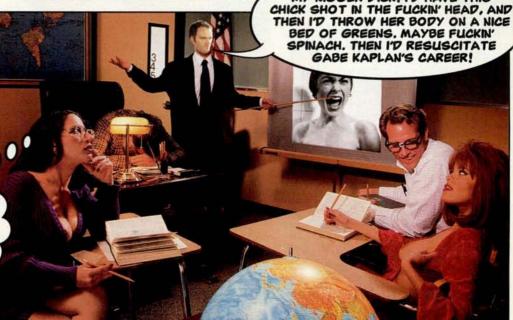
TO: Board of Executives: Tantamount Pictures Movie Studios FROM: HUSTLER's Editorial Department

HUSTLER has satirized you many times, Hollywood. How could we resist targeting a self-congratulatory industry that cranks out the same crap year after year? You plunk down seven-figure payloads to hacks who vary the least from tired, predictable formulas. How could we resist trying for a piece of the action? Enclosed, please find one high-concept screenplay for a guaranteed motion-picture blockbuster; HUSTLER smells boffo b.o.

At the end of the day, have your people call our people and tell us how much you love love loved it. Ciao.

Our story begins at the 69th annual Academy Awards ceremony. The body of college coed Candy Mortis has been discovered lying naked on a giant bed of angel-hair pasta. Aside from the pantyhose wrapped tightly around Candy's neck, the killer has left only one clue: A business card from hip, Hollywood eatery Phago's, imprinted with the three most terrifying words in the English language....





After class, Donna struggles not to break down in tears over the murder of her best friend, while pitching a screenplay based on Candy's death.

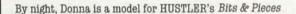
Donna may seem to be a typical, brainy, virginal college student by day, but appearances can be deceiving....



PRIVER OF THIS
PIZZA-PELIVERY CAR
BE A SPAGHETTI
MURPERER?

HE BE FOLLOWING
ME TO MY OTHER,
SECRET LIFE?\*

\*Mandatory
Car-Chase
Scene



NO, NO, NO!

NEVER PUT CHEESE ON PASTA WITH SEAFOOD!

THE ENTIRE JOKE
IS RUINED!

WHAT A COINCIDENCE THAT

THE BITS & PIECES EDITOR IS HAVING

ME PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE SAME

MANNER CANDY WAS FOUND DEAD!

IT'S ALMOST AS IF...BOY, IS THAT

BITS & PIECES EDITOR CUTE!

"asshole shot!"

"THAT'S RIGHT, I WANT ONE
COPY OF SYP FIELD'S SCREENPLAY.
MY CREPIT-CARP NUMBER IS 5555....

LOOK! A CARP FELL
OUT OF THE BITS & PIECES
EPITOR'S WALLET. IT
SAYS "LET'S DO LUN-"
OH, MY GOD!

"EXTENSIVE CLOSE-UP

Basic Instinct had its "crotch shot." In a date scene between Donna and the Bits & Pieces Editor. Hacked to Pieces blazes a new trail with Hollywood's first

When the Bits & Pieces Editor drives Donna home from a Pauly Shore film festival, her suspicion grows.

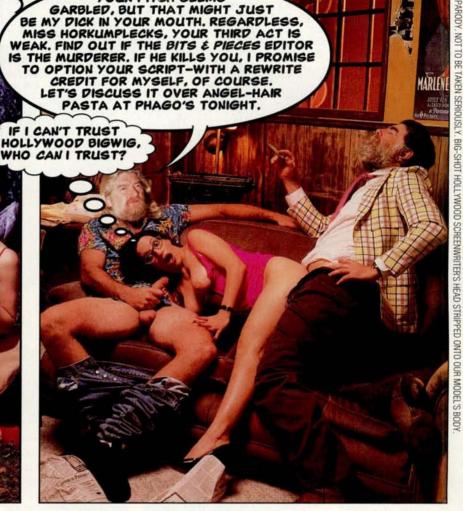
I WAS WATCHING THAT ODOMETER, AND HE DID NOT RUN OUT OF GAS. WHY DID THE BITS & PIECES EDITOR REALLY PULL OVER IN THIS DARK, SECLUDED SPOT? IS HE GOING TO TRY TO-CHOKE-KILL ME?!

Torn between lust for the Bits & Pieces Editor and fear of strangulation, Donna's only recourse is to write another screenplay. Joe Eszterhas-writer of such distinguished films as Jade. Showgirls and Basic Instinct—expresses interest in Donna's story.

YOUR PITCH SEEMS GARBLED, BUT THAT MIGHT JUST BE MY DICK IN YOUR MOUTH. REGARDLESS, MISS HORKUMPLECKS, YOUR THIRD ACT IS WEAK, FIND OUT IF THE BITS & PIECES EDITOR is the murderer. If he kills you, I promise TO OPTION YOUR SCRIPT-WITH A REWRITE CREDIT FOR MYSELF, OF COURSE LET'S DISCUSS IT OVER ANGEL-HAIR

PASTA AT PHAGO'S TONIGHT.





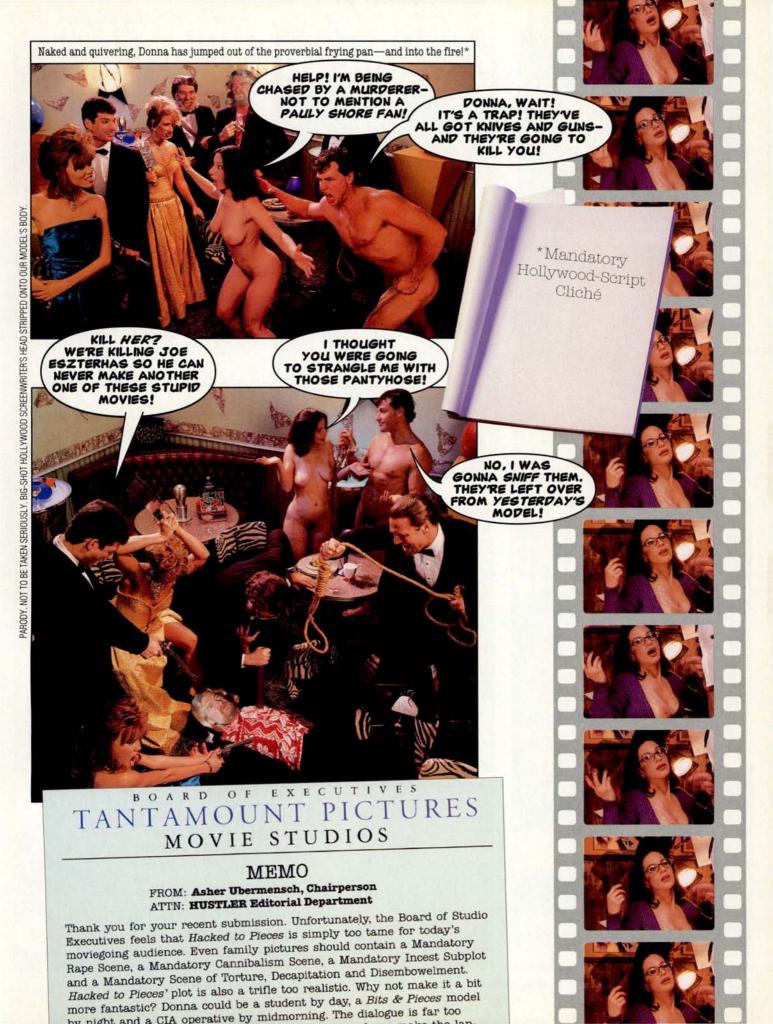
Accepting the advice of the man responsible for some of the biggest filmic bombs in recent memory, Donna returns to the Bits & Pieces studio after hours and seduces the Editorwith shocking results!

I'VE GOT A KINKY IDEA! LET'S DO IT ON THE GIANT BED OF PASTA WE PHOTOGRAPHED LAST WEEK.

> WHAT'S THAT IN OUR HAND? PANTYHOSE, JUST LIKE CANDY WAS RANGLED WITH! YOU ARE THE KILLER! AIIIEEEEE!

Too terrified to throw on clothes, Donna rushes to Phago's, hoping to escape the deranged Editor (and argue Eszterhas for more points on her option).\*

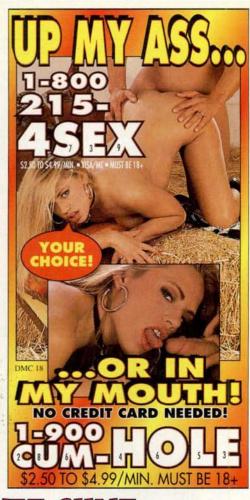


















## S-Personals

### STRAIGHT FEMALES

23741- Candi - I have short brown hair & I'm looking for a man with a big dick that can be stuck in my tight pussy. All I want is sex. I'm horny & I want sex today. I even fantasize having 2 men at once.

24179- Wendy - I'm 5' 3" 120lbs, & really cute. I have blonde hair & hazel eyes. My breasts are 38A with sensitive pink nipples. I have a nice size clit & a tight ass. I want to be fucked & I want a man to totally dominate me 100%.

25046- Holly - I'm a 26 year old dirty blonde who's tall & leggy. My breasts are 34C with pink nipples. I have a fat pussy & tight ass. I'm very much into group sex, & I like to be spanked. I especially like my pussy to be eaten inside & out.

25343- Alesia - I'm pretty damn good looking. I have such a beautiful ass & I'm in need of a man. My blow jobs you will not believe. I need some help now to be fucked.

24986- Claudia - I'm 5' 10" blonde hair & blue eyed & I work out 5 days a week which is very important to me. My breasts are 38DD & I like everyday anyway you want to do it.

13326- Maria - I'm a 32 year old very practiced & sensual latin lady who stands 5' 4" with auburn hair. I have full lips, long shapely legs & my voluptuous measurements are 44DD-26-36. My but is nice & round, my pussy is always wet, & I love you to be inside me. I want every hole in my body filled.

19151- Rose - I'm a buxom blonde with blue eyes from Texas. My chest is 38DDD & I prefer to shave my pubic hair. I like to ride my man like a buckin' bronco, to feel his hard shaft up my ass moving faster & faster.

24106- Shelly - I'm a 5' 5" brunette with hazel eyes & I have a good figure. I have firm breasts & beauty marks all over my body. I like it everywhere possible, anywhere. I love a man in uniform & I like to be satisfied, fucked & licked.

19108- Kathy - I'm 5' 7" 125lbs. with 36D breasts & big hard nipples that stick out. I'm waiting to be sucked. My clit is big & it sticks out also when I'm getting fucked. My pussy is wet. Pubic hair is shaved. I like your dick deep in my pussy while I'm waiting for my clit to be sucked. I need to be eaten really well.

lsexa priority in your life?

Meet people who have the same sexual desires you dol

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Gay Males continued-

26069- Randy - I have blonde hair & hazel eyes & well built. My body is hot & my 9 incher is a hot throbbing piece of meat & needs to be satisfied. I like uninhibited hot & sweaty sex & have it all the time. Anything that turns you on.

25073- Courtney - I'm 19 year old 135lbs. & good looking & clean shaven. I like to frequent the underground sex clubs. I want my 7" dick sucked long & hard. I want to be fucked by a big black dick & be humiliated.

24153- Joey - I'm a 26 year old Italian body builder who's 200lbs. I'm a big stud & I like my 10" rock hard cock sucked. Get on your hands & knees & I'll fuck you all night long. I can get into some pretty rough sex.

### BISEXUAL FEMALES

20532- Angel - I'm 5' 2" Mexican with brown hair & eyes with breasts 34B & pink nipples. My skin is soft & my pussy is well groomed. I take real good care of myself. I'm very hardcore & I want it all the time.

25921- Marianne - I'm a 40 year old 5' 4" bisexual weighing 1381bs. who has brown hair & eyes. I have soft, round breasts & shaved pussy that's wet & needs to be sucked on. I'm looking for a sincere friend who wants to be with me & a guy. I want adventure & I want to take care of others.

23147- Tiffany - I'm a light skinned 5' 8" bisexual from Trinidad who's measurements are 36-28-38. My breasts are firm, nipples are brown

& sensitive, my ass is fat & my big pussy is very juicy. I'm looking for a friendship with a bisexual who loves oral sex. I want no dikes or bitches.

24609- Coco - I have dark hair, 41" chest, big wide pussy & a fat ass that feels good when you caress it. I want a woman to make me & my man happy in bed.

#### LESBIANS

23700- Linda - I'm a 5' 2" black 25 year old who has a body like a model & breasts 38D with nice brown nipples. I get so wet when I'm horny. I keep my pussy shaved in a V-shape & I have a tattoo on my butt. My toes are so pretty & I love to lick pussy. I want a lady to cream all over my face.

21138- Donna - I'm 5' 7" 120lbs. latin lesbian who's interested in being with another woman for a very erotic experience. I'm clean shaven & I have hard nipples.

20408- Kelly - I'm a 26 year old 115lbs. soft skinned doll who wants a bi-curious female. My measurements are 34C-24-36. My pussy is nice & I have large suckable nipples on very firm breasts. I like to be kisses, loved & played with so let's play house.

20130- Dana - I'm 5' 7" heavy set dark skinned lesbian who has lovely lips & very bright & beautiful eyes. My pussy is tight, dark on the outside & pink on the inside. My ass is firm & solid. I want a black woman to satisfy who's soft & affectionate so that I can lick her pussy & make sweet passionate love to.

### TRANSVESTITES

25628 - Samantha - I'm 5' 10" 135lbs, with brown hair and blue eyes. I have white, smooth and slender legs and my nipples are pink. I have not started developing yet but I need a man to train me to be a woman with dildo training, bondage, etc.

24263 - Bonnie - I'm 6' 0" 260lbs. American Indian and I have a big chest. I'm hot for some guy. I love sex and I love to have cum run down my big, deep throat.

#### COUPLES

13717 - Randy & Page - He's 5' 10" 1851bs. and in good shape. She's got big breasts with red nipples and looking good. They're looking for a woman to share their lives with who is very passionate, giving and attractive.

12418 - Joe & Cindy - Joe's a 30 year old with brown hair, blue eyes, hairy chest and stays hard. Cindy has a shaved pussy and she likes to be eaten. They both are very good looking and they like to party with all sorts of people.



### GAY MALES

24991- Larry - I'm Asian & a surfer dude who's 5' 7". I have big calves, legs & arms. My cock is 5" which is just a mouthful. When I see guys at the beach, it makes me hot. I want someone to get on their knees & suck me dry & I'll do the same to him.

© 10 Know A
Person SEXUALLY First

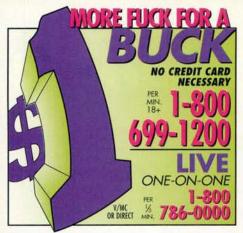
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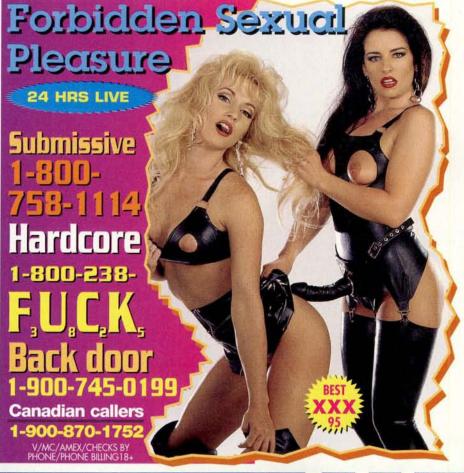
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(continued from page 27)

## Hot Letters Joan howled, "I'm coming!" and shuddered under my drubbing. I decided to make my climax a little more visible by pulling out and dumping hot cum all over her quivering rear.

into the poon's sticky recesses and felt its warm, juicy goodness flow down my shaft. Joan eased back to engulf the entirety of my tool. Her gasps of pained ecstasy sounded like the last breaths of a woman drowning in cock.

Brutally, I pounded Joan's womb, pulling out occasionally to slap my ham across her backside. She met each blow of the meat club with such a delighted squeal that I figured she might like some more rough stuff. I pulled at her long hair with one hand, and used the other to cruelly pinch her engorged nipples. Judging by the way Joan sped up the grinding of her crotch, I must have been doing something right.

"Bite me," she pleaded. "Fuck me like a caged animal!" I hunkered down and sank my teeth into her shoulder. Joan's skin was soft and supple, teasing my tongue with beads of sweat that tasted like sweet battery acid. What a piece of ass-even her perspiration got me hot! As the contractions of Joan's super-tight vaginal walls milked my member, I actually forgot about...whatever the hell my ex-wife's name was. Fuck that bitch-or better vet, fuck this bitch underneath me, reaching between her legs to fondle my pendulous balls. The appreciative testicular rumble that followed signaled an inevitable geyser of semen.

Joan howled, "I'm coming!" and shuddered under my drubbing. I decided to make my climax a little more visible by pulling out and dumping hot cum all over her quivering rear. It seeped down between the crack and dribbled off her meaty labes.

"That was great, sweet cheeks," I sighed. "I'd love to stay and cuddle, but I'd better go check on my kids." Joan was impressed enough by the sensitive, caring-father routine to give me her number. I walked out from behind Jumbo's cage feeling like a real winner.

Until, that is, I saw the trash can where I'd left Darryl and Melinda-and a broken kiddie leash. The Missing Persons Bureau blames the whole thing on me; and even worse; so does Paula. So much for ever getting back together with my ex-wife. Next time I get together with Joan, however, maybe I will go ahead and fuck her in the ass. Anything to get me through this damn depression.

> —C. D. Aurora, Illinois

## PEEP HO

Yesterday was my five-year anniversary at Mr. Peeper's Show Place. A bunch of the other girls chipped in and bought me a frozen pound cake, silk stockings and the largest box of moist towelettes commercially available. I almost cried. Donita, Rae and Kashonne have been my family since I moved to the Big Apple. They've made standing in a dark booth and yanking faceless puds all day feel like home.

Unfortunately, by the end of my 13hour shift, I was ready to quit Show Place for good. My boss, Mr. Peeper, knows that I can't stand big cocks. Not only does my wrist cramp up after beating off a foot long, but a giant wang means giant gonads, which means I'm bound to spend the rest of my day standing knee-deep in jungle juice. Peeper's way of saying "Happy Anniversary" was to send every guy with a particularly pronounced bulge to my booth. When I finally punched the clock at one a.m., my arthritis was acting up big time, and my new white stockings were a crusty shade of yellow. I caught a glimpse of my fat little employer's sweaty face as he scurried to his office like a naughty child.

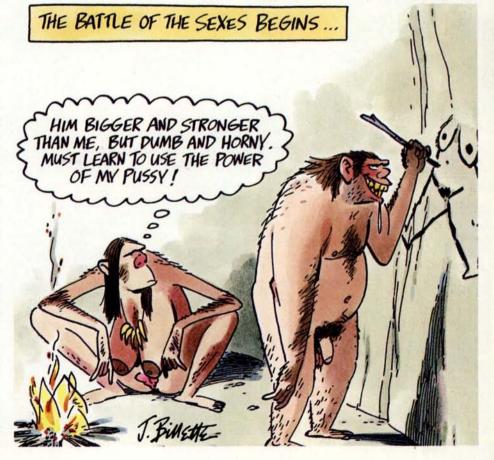
"Get back here, Peeper," I growled, vigorously brushing the last spunk tangle out of my long, blond hair. My bloated, piece-of-shit boss affected an insincere smile.

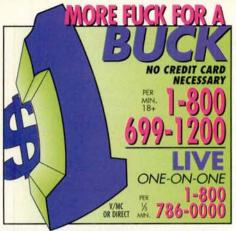
"R-Rainbow," he choked. "What a pleasant surprise. Wish I could stay and chat, but someone made a mess in booth seven." Immediately I knew Peeper was lying; it would take something much worse than doody to get that corpulent slug off his ass. I grabbed Peeper by his loud, hand-painted girlie tie and dragged him to my work station as the rest of the girls cheered me on.

I bellowed, "Wedge your fat ass in there, chubs-a-flub," while roughly shoving Peeper into the coffin-like booth that had served as my second home all those years. As I locked the door shut behind him, the look of panic on Peeper's face actually had me damp in the panties. My new sense of moist-pussy empowerment gave me a wicked idea.

Accompanied by catcalls from Show Place's sleazebag clientele, I walked outside to a customer cubicle and inserted a few tokens into the change slot on the wall. Three dollars of my hardearned tip money was a small price to pay for that tiny, black curtain to rise, revealing the cornered rat, Peeper.

Ashen-faced, he gasped, "What are you going to do to me?" I laughed as I peeled away my lime-green panties and tugged provocatively at the tassels that











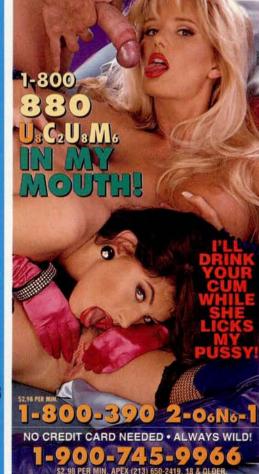






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# Hot Letters I gently guided the upward curve of his rod between my thighs and forced my sugar walls to accept his penile girth. The overall effect was like squatting on a mason jar.

dangled from my massive titties.

Standing before Peeper completely nude, I intoned, "I'm not going to do a goddamn thing. You, however, are going to reach your hand through that gloryhole and tweak my clit to a whopping climax. Then you're going to do the same little favor for Donita, Rae and Kashonne—if they decide to honor your stubby fingers with their vaginal secretions. Now get diddling!" A lecherous smile flashed across the heavyset horndog's face, which was fine by me; I didn't care if caressing my clam got Peeper's rocks off, as long as I got mine.

As the flutter of his fingertips gently pried open my labia, a wave of honest-to-God arousal coursed through my loins. Sure, he wasn't big on hygiene, but Peeper had talented hands—it must have been all those years of picking the girls' pockets. I closed my eyes as an involuntary moan escaped my pouty lips.

When I felt fingers reach around to pinch my nipples, however, I nearly jumped out of my tingly skin. Peeper may have been skilled, but he couldn't have grown an extra arm-especially with brown skin and long, painted nails. The mystery titty twister followed up her groping with a deep, wet soul kiss that made me weak in the knees. Tongue technique like that could only come from Kashonne. Sure enough, I opened my eyes just in time to see the beautiful, ebony goddess replace her digits with a greedy mouth on my teat. She only stopped suckling long enough to spit slick two fingers, which then slid into my butthole.

The double stuffing of my vage and booty had me so horny that I actually did the unthinkable—I reached into Peeper's booth and pulled out his prick. Like I said, I don't usually enjoy big ones, but Peeper's nine-incher was a sight for sore pussy. I gently guided the upward curve of his rod between my thighs and forced my sugar walls to accept his penile girth. The overall effect was like squatting on a mason jar. I struggled not to pass out as Peeper's first brutal thrusts reverberated through my guts.

My efforts to stay conscious weren't helped any by the sudden addition of a lapping tongue in my bung. That felt like Donita's horse-at-a-salt-lick approach to oral sex. Throw in Rae, biting my left mam, while Kashonne continued with the right, and I was lost in climactic spasms. I bucked against Peeper's greasy dong as explosion after explosion went off deep in my snatch. A chain reaction of orgasms had begun, and it didn't stop

until the feel of Peeper's sperm flooding my cavity brought me back to nauseating reality.

"You came in me, you piece of shit," I screamed. "I ought to pull your worm back through the hole in the wall and tear it off!" The look of pure terror in Peeper's face almost got me hot again.

Like a big fat baby, Peeper cried, "I couldn't help myself! Just let me out of here—I'm claustrophobic! Unlock the door, and I might chip in a few bucks for your abortion!"

That was the last straw. I walked out of Show Place's front door and took Donita, Rae and Kashonne with me. We even made it onto a talk show as the first lesbian-fourway household to legally raise a son—Peeper Jr. For all I know, his old man is still trapped in that godforsaken booth —R. H.

Long Island, New York

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER <u>Hot</u> <u>Letters</u>, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.







Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

# Tight Fit Corset-Queen Confessions

By Don Vaughan

Jim Adams can't wait for the workday to end. It's Friday. and that means a very special evening with his wife, Gloria. Five o'clock finally rolls around, and Jim races home from the Chicago construction site where he works as a carpenter, his heart pounding in anticipation. After a light dinner, Gloria disappears into the bathroom to bathe and primp. Jim waits in their bedroom, candlelight flickering, soft music on the stereo.

On the bed lies a red-and-black leather corset.

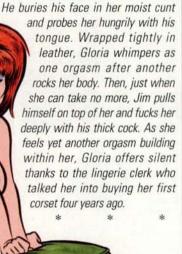
Gloria wears only stockings and high heels when she returns. She smiles seductively at her husband, but says nothing. Jim kisses her passionately and caresses her soft body with his calloused hands. Gloria moans softly as she feels a familiar dampness between her legs.

A moment later. Gloria begins the ritual that has made Friday the couple's favorite day of the week. She gently holds the custom-made corset to her body and adjusts it around her stomach and over her breasts. A warm snugness and the smell of leather excite her tremendously.

Jim positions himself behind his wife and kisses the back of her neck. "You look incredible," he whispers, then begs to lace the two-piece garment. He pushes the laces through the steel eyelets and pulls them taut. In and out, in and out. He goes from top to waist, then bottom to waist, slowly altering Gloria's body. Her slender form develops a distinct hour-glass shape as Jim meticulously draws the laces tightly together.

Gloria's excitement rises as she feels Jim's strong hands dance across her back. The corset becomes tighter and tighter, making it increasingly difficult for her to breathe. Gloria feels a little giddy, and her pussy is sopping wet. Fifteen minutes later, Jim's work is done. He turns Gloria around and looks her over as his cock stirs and becomes rock-hard.

Jim gently lays Gloria on the bed and spreads her legs.



No longer bound within staid Victorian imagery, corsets have burst on the sex scene in recent years as an accessory both fashionable and fetishized. Everyone from pasty-faced Goth gals to well-heeled cross-dressers are trussing themselves like Thanksgiving turkeys-and enjoying every minute of it.

For many women (and some men), corsets are a way of enhancing beauty by forcibly fashioning the fleshy curves that society uses to define femininity. For others, the garment becomes a sweaty fetish that turns ordinary sex into something earth-shattering. Choose a pleasure; corsets aren't just for Madonna anymore.

The garment has a long and distinguished history, says corset-queen Ann Grogan, owner of Romantasy Boutique in San Francisco. As far back as 3000 B.C., she notes, the Minoans of Crete had a corset-like belt that was used to reduce the waists of both men and women.

"The heyday of the traditional corset was the Victorian era," Grogan states. "Then it died out between 1905 and 1910. Shortly after that, the flapper period arrived. Busts and hips were bound, and around that period the bra was developed. That's what happened to the corset—it became a breast binder and eventually a bra.

"The revival of modern-day corseting began about 15 years ago," says Grogan, who frequently hobnobs with the world's most prestigious corset makers. "A group of European corset aficionados somehow connected and said, 'Let's bring back the corset.' Then, last year, the European designers got in on it. Now the corset's popularity is on the upswing. Every issue of Voque for the past four months has featured corsets."

A corset is a two-piece garment that hooks in front and laces in the back. The most comfortable is the hour-glass variety, which gives its wearer a shapely, feminine form. Other styles include the stem-shaped corset, which creates a figure that looks like a champagne glass in the middle, and the modified-tubular corset, which provides a gentle, inverted U-shape on either side of the body. There are also more severe styles for fetish corseters, notes Grogan, who has 20 different corsets in her private collection.

So who's really buying these things? Buyers run the gamut from young, Goth girls to callgirls, coeds, swingers, porn stars and cross-dressers striving for a more feminine appearance.

"I don't see a lot of housewives in here looking to buy corsets," notes Casi Baxter, owner of the Fetish Factory in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. "Some people just wear them for fashion, and some people are into the idea of actually training their bodies. That's more common among male slaves. They want a more feminine physique."

Many corset wearers are into dramatic body modification, say fetish-wear suppliers. These modern primitives often have contests to see who can reduce their waist the most by lacing their corset the tightest.

"I can go down to 18 inches, and I'm working on 17 inches," brags Grogan, who has a 24-inch waist. "My 18th corset has a 17-inch waist. I have taken it very slowly."



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# Tight Fit "The corset is probably the most sexual of all garments," Grogan says. "Consider the symbolism of a gentleman lacing his lady into a corset. It's precisely symbolic of sexual intercourse."

Indeed, slow is the way to go when learning to corset, otherwise serious injury could result. "It takes approximately six months to go down just three to four inches safely," Grogan notes, adding that a friend experienced internal injuries from lacing too tightly too quickly. Grogan points out, however, that such injuries are extremely rare.

For most people, corsets are a way of turning humdrum sex into something spectacular.

"The corset is probably the most sexual of all garments," Grogan says. "Consider the symbolism of a gentleman lacing his lady into a corset. It's precisely symbolic of sexual intercourse.

"The second factor is the visual element. The partner lacing his lady can watch her female curves take shape. It's a stunning turn-on.

"The third element is controlling the birth of those curves. Corseting has a creative aspect for the man trusted with this task. He alone controls what happens to his partner: whether she breathes or doesn't breathe, whether to go fast or slow. It's a very responsible place in which to be.

"The fourth element is the ritual of it all. I tell people to establish a ritual that honors their corset. If I have a partner to help me lace, it becomes very deliberate. We'll do it in the same place, usually in front of a mirror so I can look at myself and we can have eye contact. It's a moment of incredible intimacy."

A corset can also improve the intensity of intercourse, says Grogan.

"When the endorphins start to kick in during foreplay, you breathe a little quicker because you're excited," Grogan explains. "This causes you to hyperventilate slightly; so you get a little dizzy. Then, if you engage in sexual intercourse while wearing a corset, which restricts the midriff area, you breathe even more heavily. It becomes a very heady, euphoric feeling. And when you have an orgasm, it can become twice as powerful!"

A tight corset also pushes blood into the pelvic region, which engorges a woman's genitalia and hypersensitizes her clit. The result: fireworks when touched by a finger, tongue or hard cock.

Many women find corsets appealing, say experts, because it makes them feel more feminine and sensual.

"I feel beautiful in a corset," states Grogan, who occasionally hosts special corset-fantasy evenings for select clients. "I am a very slender lady. I have never had voluptuous curves because I'm tiny—tiny chest, tiny butt, tiny everything. But when I wear a corset, I get a very defined female shape. Because my waist is so small, everything else looks larger in proportion. So I become more sexual because I feel more sexual."

Pharin, a San Francisco-based corset model

and professional dominatrix, has found corsets to be an integral part of her job. Submissive men are strongly attracted to a corset-clad, whip-wielding woman, and many of Pharin's clients literally beg her to wear one of her four custom-made corsets during their sessions.

"The corsets have D-rings on the side, so I can cuff the person to my body, which is a very erotic form of bondage," Pharin says. "They're not allowed to touch me, but they can feel the heat of my body coming through the corset.

"Sometimes I'll have them follow me around on their knees while they're bound to my corset, or I'll put a cock ring on the man and loop it through a D-ring; so where I go, he goes."

Pharin finds the restrictive feel of a corset comforting. "It took some getting used to, but now corsets offer me an empowering and secure feeling, as if I have someone wrapped around me, holding me up. Plus, I look great in a corset. It's as if I've become an archetype of woman."

Pharin is French-Japanese, tall and lithe at 5-9. She has porcelain skin and long, jet-black hair that cascades down to the high curve of her ass. Packed tightly in a corset, her slim frame takes on an embellishing roundness at the hips and breasts. She raves about corset-clad fucking.

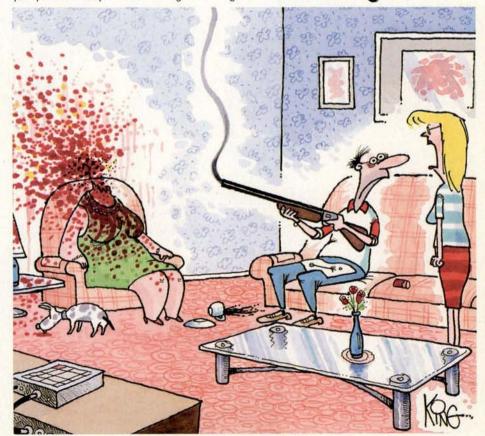
"Corseting really enhances sexual intercourse," she reports. "The whole idea is to heighten awareness of both your body and your partner's body. There's nothing like having a corset tightly wrapped around you—especially when you are becoming extremely aroused and approaching orgasm—to make you think about your breathing. You become very aware of it and start to slow down and relax. And when I orgasm, I have much more intense experiences.

"My boyfriend is into the way they look on my body. All most men think about is, God, I wish I was that tightly wrapped around her body! Soaking up all those pheromones and the slight glistening of sweat on my body. Plus, I'll do things. For example, I might have his hands bound to my corset at the hips and sit on his face.

"At the end of it, sometimes I will let my boyfriend undo my corset with his teeth, and then I'll push it over his face and make him smell it and feel the heat while I have sex with him."

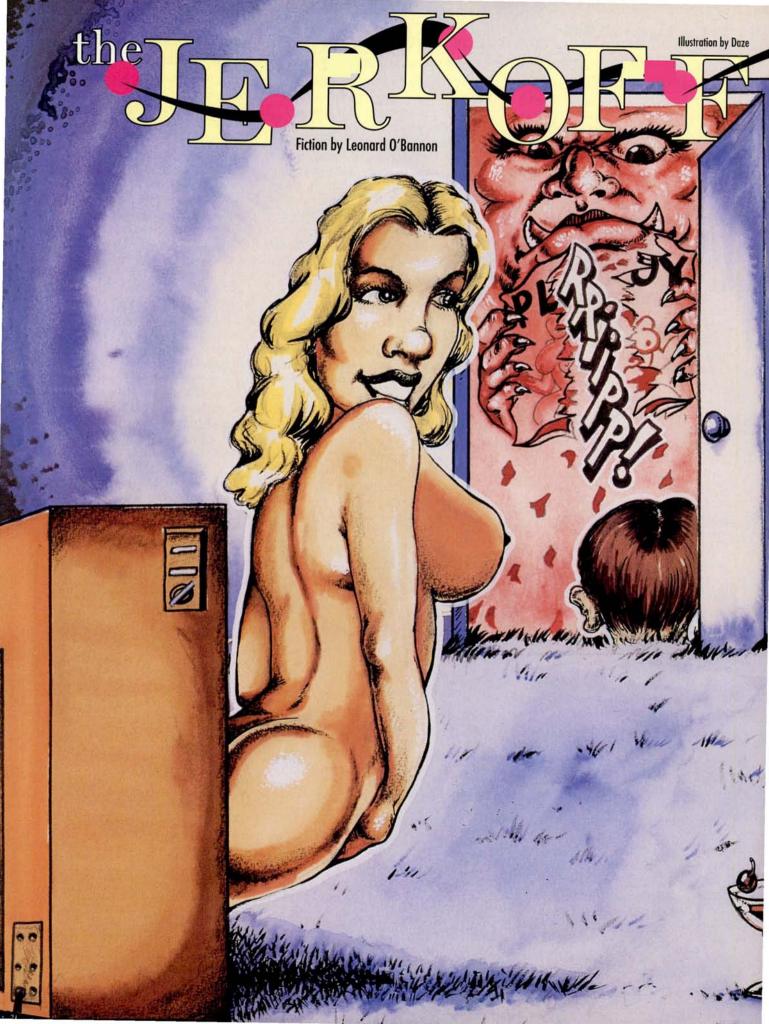
Corseting has skyrocketed in popularity in recent years as fashion moguls and the general public come to appreciate the unique look of the garment. But first-timers are encouraged to have their corsets custom-fitted by an experienced corsetiere rather than buy something off the rack.

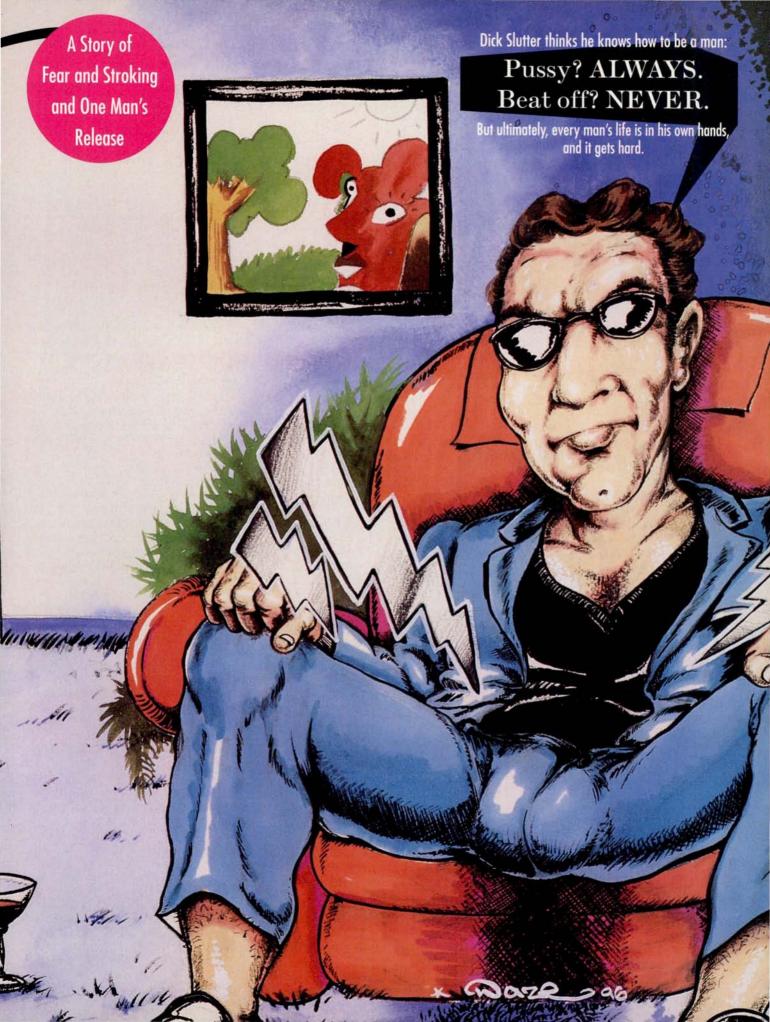
Novices are also encouraged to look at the various styles of corsets before making a choice. "Corsets have different moods," explains Pharin. "There are strictly feminine corsets, and there are the more fetishy kind. Once you've made a decision, do what I do. Become immersed in it."



"Accident, my ass! You never did like Mother!"

June HUSTLER





# The Jerkoff To fuck a broad, no matter how hideous her physical aspect and in spite of whatever cost, was to be a better man than the sorry pud who milks his wad into the palm of his hand.

Dick Slutter, a tall, 32-year-old white man wearing an electric-blue, silk suit over a black, V-necked sweater, could fit his philosophy into so many words: "I'm a guy who would rather fuck an ugly woman whom I dislike, and pay her for that privilege, than jack off to the image of a desirable female."

Dick Slutter's anti-masturbation bias originated in his early adolescence.

"Only faggots play with themselves," said Rocky Blake, a devious, older kid who had cornered pubescent Dick in a junior-high locker room.

"Normal people beat the shit out of faggots every chance we get," said Rocky Blake.

Rocky's beady gaze rarely lifted above penis level of the younger boys during shower time. He grew up to become a lawyer, a scoutmaster and a felon child molester who was brutally and unceasingly attacked by his fellow inmates upon incarceration.

Dick Slutter did not want to become a faggot; so during the long, private nights of restless puberty, when his demanding appendage rose begging and aching, he usually left it alone.

By his mid-teens, Slutter finally came to realize that whacking off was not a sign of homosexuality. At age 15 or 16, Dick was boning steady cunt.

"Guys who jack off," he concluded, "are too weak to get laid."

To fuck a broad, no matter how hideous her physical aspect and in spite of whatever cost, was to be a better man than the sorry pud who milks his wad into the palm of his hand.

Dick Slutter continued equating sex with power far into adulthood. His masculinity depended upon getting a chick, any chick, to accept his cock so that he would not be forced to do it himself. The compulsion to poke into some living, breathing hole, rather than resort to manhandling, had driven Dick to countless compromised positions, many far worse than his attendance at a party to which he had not been invited.

Dick only attended parties because he needed snatch, and snatch likes parties. This party was loud and large, a Hollywood Hills mob scene of sweet-looking ladies and sweet-talking ladies' men, show people, no huge celebrity names on view, but plenty of starlets, scriptwriters and producer/directors on the verge of headlining at the next higher level, where the parties are better screened. Dick Slutter appeared to be squarely within his element.

Dick, standing aloof and erect,

scanned for pussy from a stairway that climbed to an elevated deejay booth. To disguise his vigilance, Slutter dipped his head. Heavily oiled, dark coils of hair fell around his crafty face.

A tit-heavy, brunet prospect in a swatch of red drew Dick Slutter's attention. He descended the stairway, walking like a man in love with his own blue-silk suit, and flanked the red-wrapped lady.

Firm ass, high breasts, black hair, tall, hardly any plastic surgery. *Damn*. He'd already fucked her. A couple of months ago. Found her at a party.

If I were the kind of guy who kills them after I screw them, I wouldn't have these false sightings.

The brunette's friend was interesting: blonde, her provocative tits and ass casually loaded into worn jeans and a cotton T-shirt that retailed for approximately \$300. Dick Slutter lingered.

"It never tastes good on the first bite," said the long, brunet trophy-bitch. She turned her nose up at a clump of caviar on a cracker. "Let's talk about eating pussy," she said.

The brunette shook dramatically, swiped her lipstick with a tongue that could reach a cervix, and spoke again: "Pussy is the meal that squeals."

"I imagine so," said the blonde, perched on her ostrich pumps. Her gaze wandered to the man in the electric-blue suit.

"He's a dick," said the brunette.
"Won't know your clit from your piss-hole. Beats women."

"He's cute," answered the blonde.

Dick Slutter flicked his greasy hair back from his thief's eyes. He was liking the blonde better all the time. Dick imagined a magnetism between himself and the blonde and allowed the irresistible force to pull him into her conversation. The brunette's odds of sinking tongue into golden-tufted pink were not good.

"You never called, and you said you would," scolded the brunette. "What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"The same thing you are," guessed Dick. He thought, She's a weak jagoff.

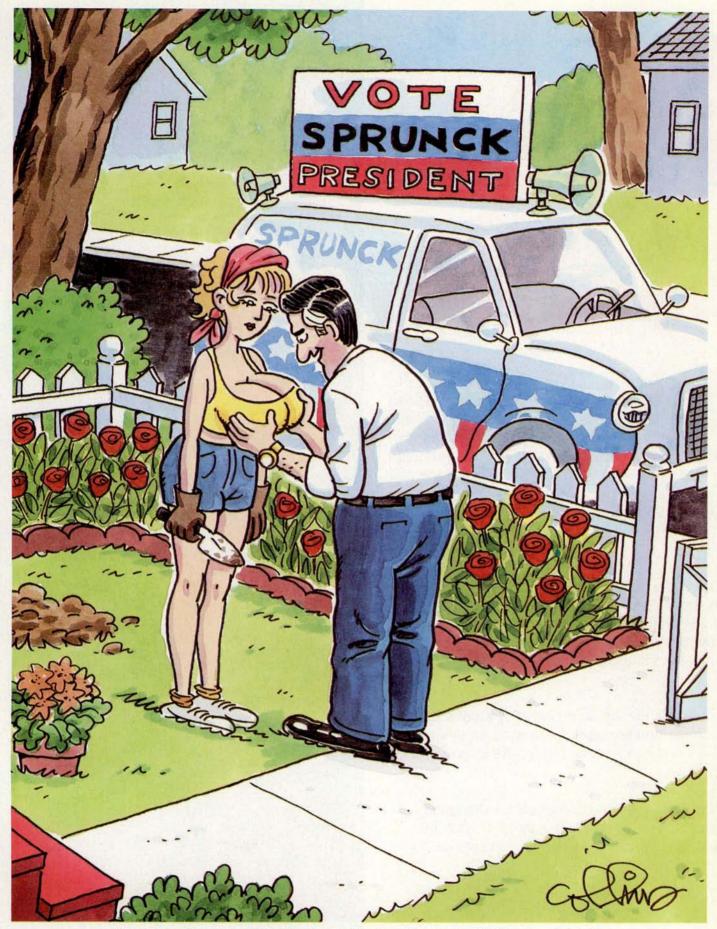
He lit a cigarette and offered the blonde one from his pack.

"I'll take a few puffs off yours," she said, her eyes flashing with double meaning. She reached and took the cigarette from Dick's mouth, brushing her fingertips across his lips. He watched her weighty breasts shift beneath the cotton T. She slut-lipped the filter tip, sucked in, then exhaled smoke through a cocksucker pucker.

"My name's Gwendolyn." She extended (continued on page 56)



"Compliments of 'Mr Right' .... "



"Hi, I'm Joe Sprunck, and I'm running for President. Do you mind if I kiss these babies?"

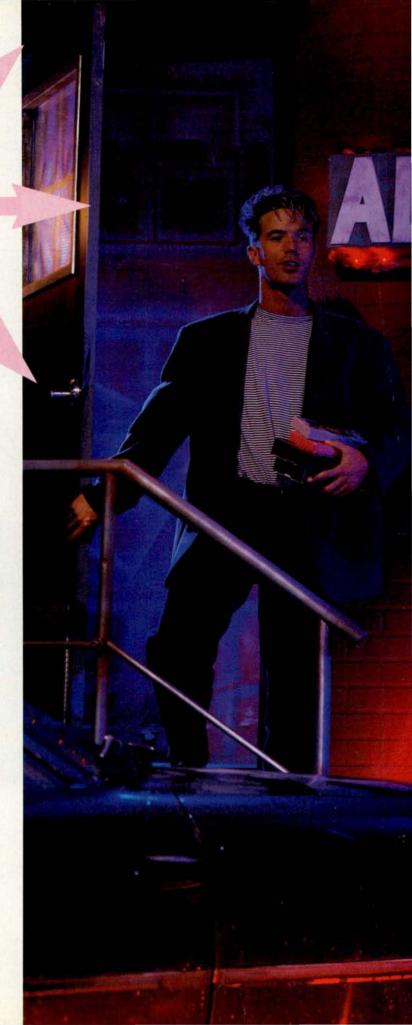
# SERENA & TREY PRESSGANGED

"In Olongapo, finding a hard cock was like nothing," grouses sultry Serena, a recently arrived Filipina. "With all those American sailors coming and going, it was all a girl could do to keep from being the centerpiece of a twice-weekly pool-table gang-bang. After they closed Subic Bay, the ships were all gone, and so were the thrills."

Life in the United States isn't so cut-and-dried as Serena's experience with American men in the Philippines had made it seem. "I catch men staring at my ass, and they act like they're embarrassed about what they're thinking."

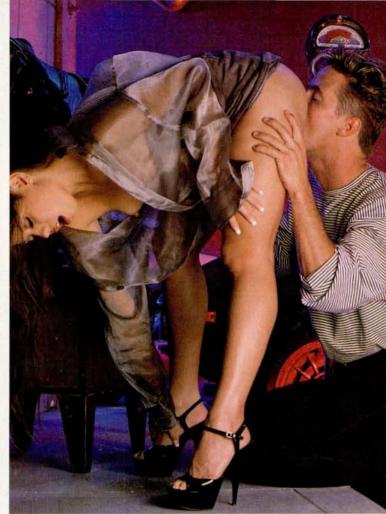
What is Serena doing hanging around outside an adult-video store, waiting as an unsuspecting Trey checks out a slate of porn flicks?

"I'm feeling a little homesick for Olongapo tonight. This guy's not ashamed of what he wants. He'll be easy to press into service."

























The Jerkoff "I want to see you jerk off," she said, fingering aside the crotch of her underwear and stroking the center rut of her crease. "Watching guys jerk off gets me soaking hot."

the cigarette toward Slutter's face. "Call me Gwen."

"Dick," said Dick, inspecting the cigarette between his fingers. Her lipstick had stained the wet paper. He'd remember to smear the stuff across her face while he fucked her. He dropped the cigarette into a drink and set that on a table. "Call me Dick."

"Dick, Dick, Dick," called Gwen. Dick's penis swelled for her.

The trophy brunette edged away and quickly killed a drink. Glowering at smarmy Dick and blond Gwendolyn from a bitter sideline, she watched with fatalism as the man in the electric-blue suit put his hand on the choice blonde's upper arm and led her from the fray, out into their own private night.

Slutter, in his vintage Cutlass convertible, easily tailed the blonde's classic Porsche. They wound through canyon roads and pulled up to a sleek, midsize house high on a secluded ridge. Was it alimony or Daddy's money? She was accustomed to being catered to.

Dick planned to give her what she wanted, up until he took what he needed, then he'd split, victorious again, extending his continuous streak of assisted orgasms to 15 years, six months and 13 days.

Dick Slutter still remembered the last time he had beaten his loaf. He relived the humiliation as he embraced Gwen at the top of her porch steps, kissing her, leaning into the door. The memory of hand-pumped dejection coalesced in his mind's eye: Sitting, 17 years old, in the guest bathroom of his parents' house, his younger brother's porn mag wilted in one hand, his cock spewing in the other, his old man standing surprised and disapproving in the open doorway.

"Muriel," Dick's old man called out to Dick's mom, "your son is a jackoff. He is in such a hurry to jack off that he can't lock the fucking bathroom door."

The old man took the porn mag from Dick's numb grip and leafed through the worn pages.

"Chicks," observed old man Slutter. "At least you're not queer. Yet."

Dick habitually revisited this scene of past shame whenever he was going in for snatch. The recollection had given him the motive and momentum to get over many a hard hump.

The ravaging of Gwendolyn started off smooth and simple. The couple fell onto a couch, grappling, groping and sucking face while their hands fondled all points of interest below, stripping clothes away like peeling, overripe fruit.

It's Daddy's money. This chick is too nasty and too easy. No one marries a bitch like this, not if he has money.

Dick wedged his knee between her thighs. Her jeans were pulled inside out down around her ankles. Her cunt thatch tickled his leg through the satiny material of her panties. His boxers were on the floor, flung behind him, and his crank quivered straight out from his torso.

"Wait," she said, putting a finger to her lips. His cock head nudged her cuticle, but she slipped out from under him.

Wait was not what Dick had wanted to hear.

"I want to see you jerk off," she said, fingering aside the crotch of her underwear and stroking the center rut of her crease. "Watching guys jerk off gets me soaking hot."

The demand that he jerk off was worse than being told to wait. Slutter's balls were swollen tight, bulging with an aching load. He flopped back on the sofa, giving up his attack, and took a calm appraisal of Gwen's cunt. The muscles of her thighs flexed as she rubbed her nub.

"Don't look," she begged, blushing. "I'm shy. Come and sit over here."

Gwendolyn grasped Dick's hands and led him to a TV chair deeper within the room. She settled him in, carefully swiveling her sleek pelvis to avoid contact with his straining pecker.

"You can't watch me watching you," she dictated, backing to an open doorway. "That's the only rule. I'll be in this bedroom, where I can see you. And I'll be doing myself, and then we'll get together for seconds."

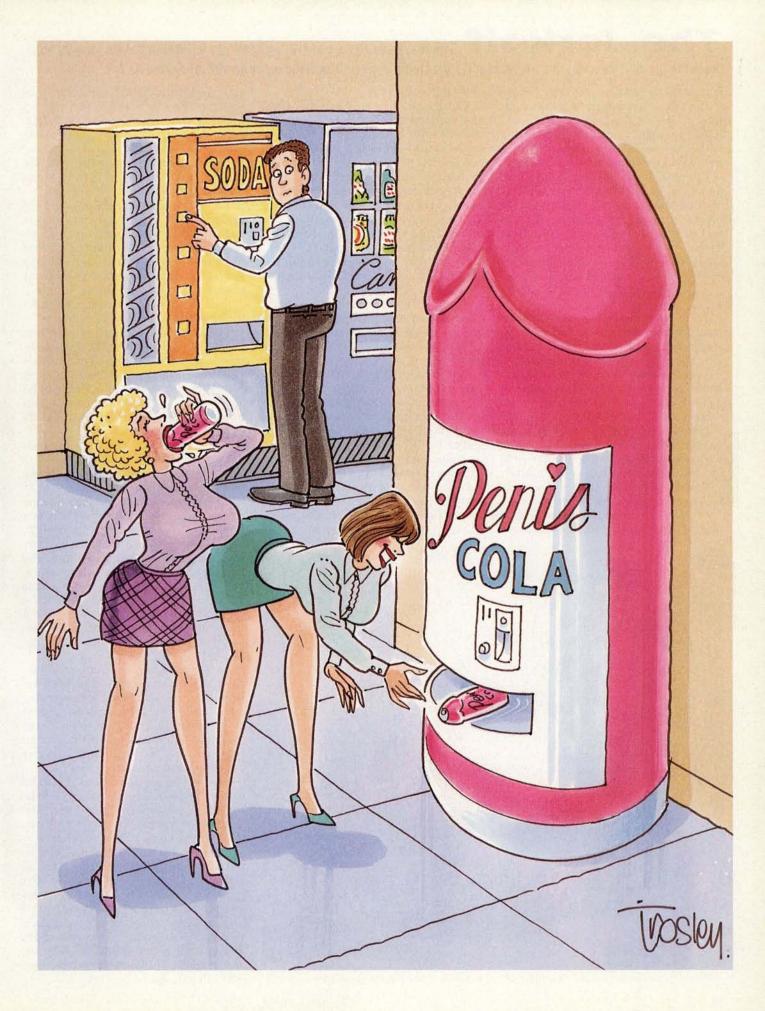
Dick Slutter sat, legs spread, his balls and cock gazing into the darkness of the open door where the freaky blonde had faded away. He put a hand on his dick.

Anything could be lurking in the darkness behind the open door. That hostile, brunet trophy-bitch from the party, for starters. Was she in league with this blond, psycho hole? Were the two of them back there beyond visibility with a video camera? The pair of sluts, thinking they could take pictures of Dick Slutter jerking off, then blackmail him with the threat of exposure?

Slutter pictured a ghastly, magnified image of himself pulling his wang, with that stupid, weak jack-off face displayed for all the world to see on one of the towering billboards above Sunset Boulevard.

He had to laugh, but not very loud. The two women had no way of guessing his phobic aversion to being seen as a man who stimulates his own penis. His fears were overblown, bigger-than-life,





# The Jerkoff The wet wand looked big in his hand; its fat, helmeted tip popped out from the top of Dick's fist like an arrogant, intractable piston. Dick liked what he saw and what he felt.

unfounded. He'd become absurd.

The blonde's request to witness the action of Dick's hand on Dick's gland wasn't so strange. He'd humored weirder fantasies from the women he'd boned. Still, Dick couldn't get much wood.

In quest of inspiration, Slutter ran through a file of old fucks: The fat chick with the mustache and mustard breath. Moles the size of nipples on her tits. She sucked him off in the front seat of her Trans Am, Dick urging her to blow faster, to finish him so he could get off and get out before anyone saw him in her company. He would be forced to kill any and all witnesses.

There was a hooker, not so bad looking, in a dark-town motel. She got his nut, his wallet and his shoes. Barefoot, glad to have retained his car keys, he stepped into the motel parking lot to see someone had gotten his tires, his wheels, the grillwork and the tail end of his Cutlass.

His best friend's fiancee, his college roommate's sister, a boss's daughter, the mother of his last girlfriend, they'd all spared him from jacking off, and he'd lost friends, contacts, employers, lovers.

Though vivid, memory lane was no road to effective cock-stroking.

"There's a video in the player," called dulcet Gwen from the mystery shadows.

"Play it if you want."

The image of fair Gwendolyn filled and warmed the TV screen. Her face pressed right in the camera. A drop of saliva formed like a glob of pre-cum on her tongue. Naked, she scooted back from the camera and arched her cunt into view. Her hand went to her hole. A buzzing chrome cylinder flashed in the light and dashed into her pussy flaps. She moaned and rolled her hips, flinging snatch hard on the twisting dildo.

Dick's hand, he noted with horror, fascination and a weird relief, was twitching up and down his solid-state shaft.

He turned up the sound on the video. Gwen's hard gasps covered the rasp of his own labored breath. Her panting and grunting seemed to echo out to him from the open, dark door.

This is something I could actually begin to enjoy.

Dick spat into his palm. A slippery burst of sensation emanated from his shiny, straining prong. The wet wand looked big in his hand; its fat, helmeted tip popped out from the top of Dick's fist like an arrogant, intractable piston.

Dick liked what he saw and what he felt. The pleasure intensified with every stroke. Gwendolyn's prerecorded moans and the fever pitch of her full-volume ecstasy in the shadowed room combined with the sharp-focused TV vision of her snapping cunt. Dick's awareness heightened. A living thing was about to explode in his hand.

Dick's semen bubbled, coursed through the interior of his prick and sprayed to freedom.

The irony of this ejaculation did not escape Slutter. His 15-year chase of cunt had led him to shortchange every principle he held, and now he had committed the ultimate compromise: surrendering the resistance to onanism that his pussy pursuit had been an attempt to preserve.

Dick felt less terrible than he might have expected.

The videotape played on. A large, black penis entered from the side of the screen and snaked into Gwendolyn's swollen, pink mouth. The video was compelling all over again. Slutter's fingers explored a fascination dawning between his thighs, oblivious to the spermy froth matting his pubes.

"Dick," called Gwen from the bedroom. "I'm ready."

Christ, Dick thought, I'm right in the middle of doing something.

He got up and went into the adjoining room. Gwen switched on a soft light that illuminated her reclining on a daybed, heaving with ardor, her chest and her cunt rising and beckoning to Slutter. His dick was up, he was ready to go again, but he couldn't help thinking. She was the type who, when it was over and he lounged in revery silently savoring a post-coital smoke, would break the victory spell to snatch a few wet, hot-boxing drags off his cig.

As he fucked her, Dick noted the contours and the cushiony feel of her fineflowing lines and bouncing, swaying forms. He reveled in her scent and soaked in her flavor. He pulled out to thrash between her tits, shooting on her pampered, gorgeous face. He would remember this camera-ready moment and use it later.

Dick luxuriated in the liberty of what he had just learned about the power of jerking off. A pressure had been lifted. The demands he had put on himself were off. He was open to enjoy as he would enjoy.

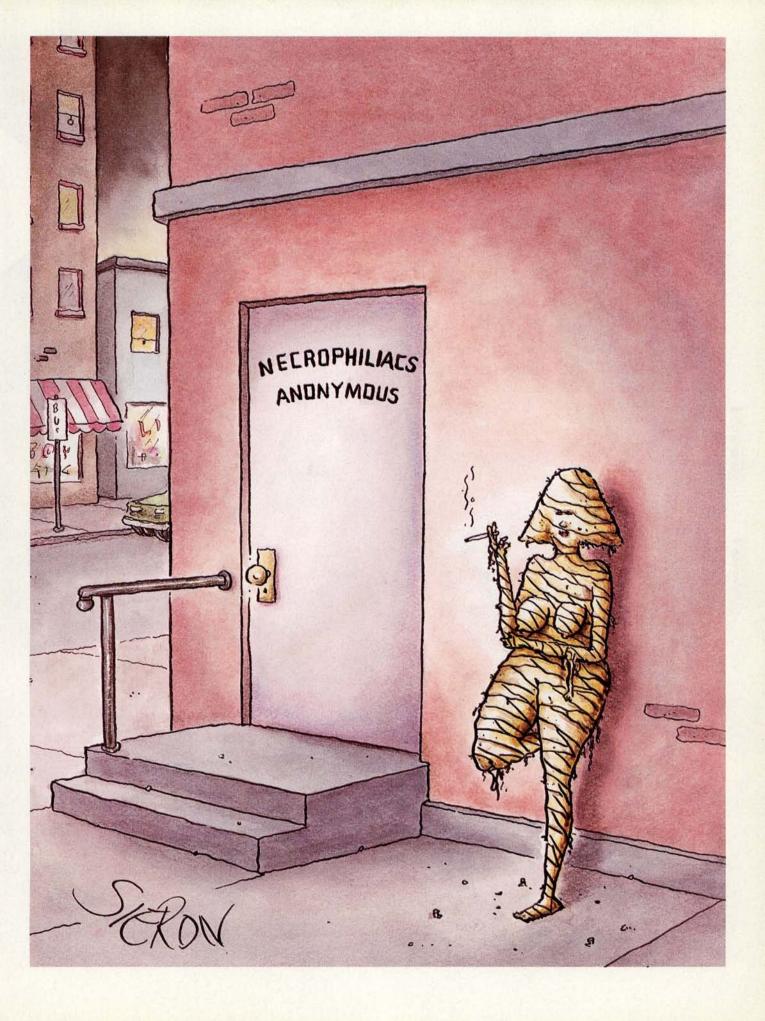
"Hon," intruded the voice of Gwen, "be a babe and get me a smoke. They're in the living room."

"You wait right here," said Dick, "don't you move. I'll make us some drinks."

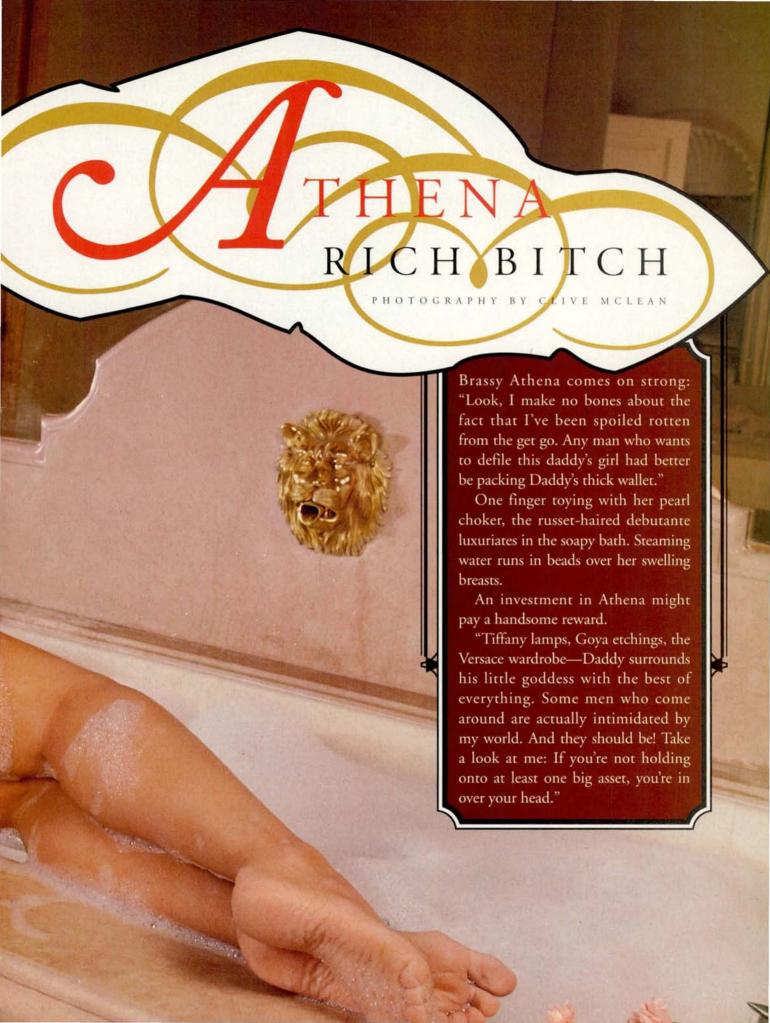
Dick slipped into his clothes and slid the video of Gwen into his jacket pocket. He fired up a smoke and strode out to his Cutlass, a man in love with his own electric-blue, silk suit.



"His cold nose doesn't mean he's healthy...it just means he's had his nose in my wife's pussy."











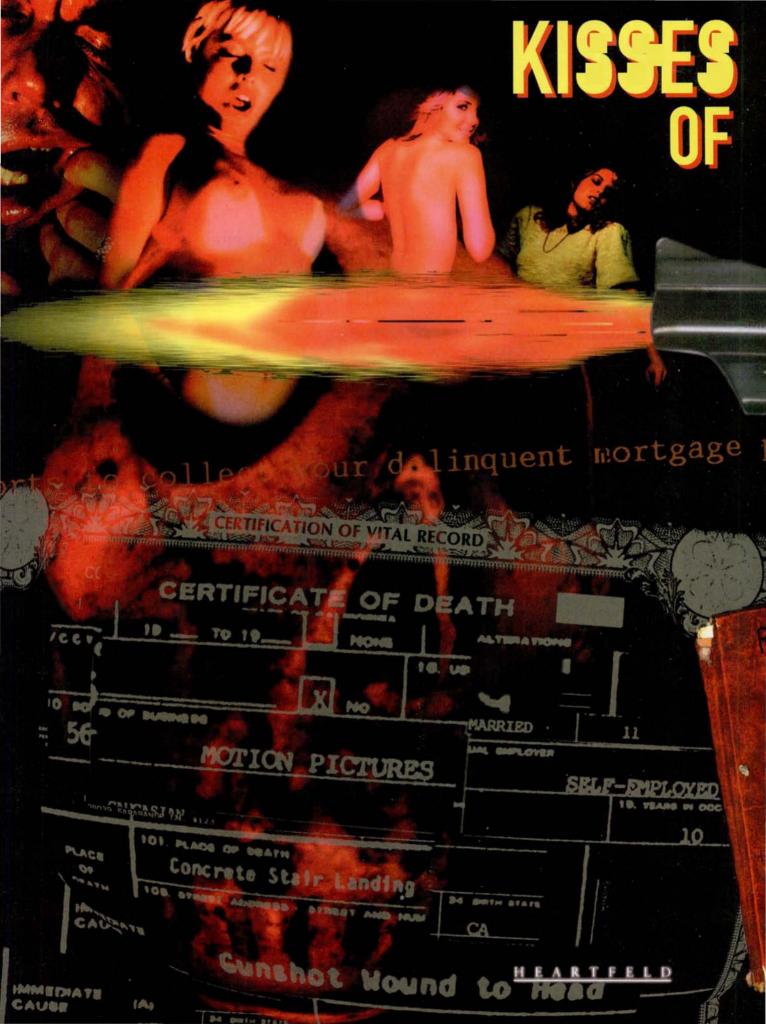












# DEATH

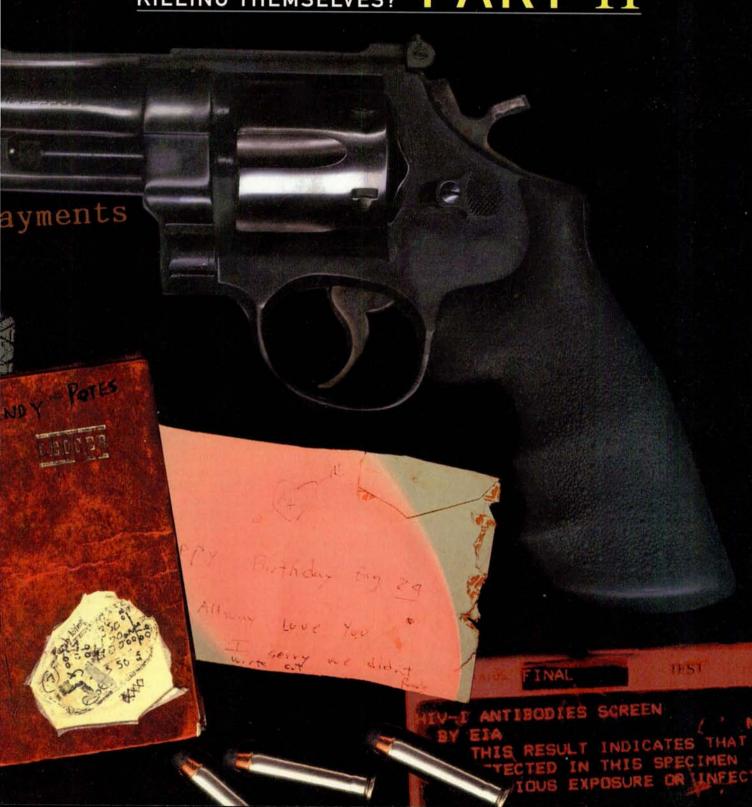
WHY ARE AMERICA'S PORN STARS KILLING THEMSELVES?

Report by Marc Medoff \* Illustration by Heartfeld

Which came first, the smut or the self-hate?

Does porn choose its victims or do victims choose porn? In this final chapter of a two-part feature, HUSTLER explores the self-wrought demises of Cal Jammer, Alex Jordan and Savannah.

PART II



# Porn Suicides Savannah was a pinup girl, not a sexual siren. Depressed over

money and romantic failures, drinking and taking drugs, the deteriorating diva set out on the road to ruin.

Savannah was sick and tired. Her reign as porn queen having come to an end, her big-money video contract expired, the platinum-tressed beauty "didn't want to be Savannah anymore." Her on-screen performances mirrored her feelings—they were usually cold and boring. Savannah was a pinup girl, not a sexual siren. Depressed over money and romantic failures, drinking like a fish and taking drugs, the deteriorating diva set out on the road to ruin.

On the night of July 10, 1994, Savannah went drinking in Santa Monica with Jason Swing, a gofer for the rap act House of Pain-in whose new video the porn star had recently appeared. Early on the morning of the 11th, she was driving home, fast and drunk. She got within a block of her home on Multiview Drive above Universal City when she slammed her new, white Corvette into a neighbor's tree. The front end of the car was smashed, and Savannah and Swing were thrown forward against the dashboard. Both suffered minor injuries—he hurt his leg, and she bloodied her nose. Savannah drove the car the short distance home and then, according to the police report, became hysterical. She wailed over her injuries, screaming, "It hurts so bad I want to die." She sent Swing on an errand to

walk her dog, Daisy, and called Nancy Pera, her manager and close friend.

Through tears, the fallen star demanded Pera come and take her to a hospital. Pera dressed and was on her way, but Savannah had had enough. Taking a semi-automatic .40 Beretta pistol she recently obtained for "protection," she walked to the garage. Standing next to the damaged vehicle, she put the gun to her right temple and fired. Pera described the exit wound as looking like "a big flower on the side of her head." At 2:25 a.m., paramedics arrived to take the still-breathing, gravely wounded porn actress to St. Joseph's Medical Center in Burbank. She died nine hours later.

Porn actress Jeanna Fine saw her friend's suicide as inevitable: "I think that Savannah was destined for suicide no matter what profession she chose."

Shannon Michelle Wilsey was born on October 9, 1970, in Laguna Beach, California. She was an only child to teenage parents who split up when she was two years old. Shannon didn't see her father for more than a decade. As a 17-year-old high-school dropout, Shannon met rock icon Gregg Allman at a local concert and began a two-year relationship with the aging keyboardist, often going on

the road with him for months at a time.

Shortly after Shannon and Allman broke up in 1989, and after a failed attempt at resuming a relationship with her father, she entered porn in 1990 under the stage name Silver Kane, and eventually became Savannah. Signing on with industry leader Vivid in 1991, she began earning a reported \$4,000 per video plus royalties, an astronomical amount of money by porn standards. But that wasn't the half of it. Now a major box-cover star, she could earn up to \$20,000 a week as a feature dancer.

"Savannah got wrapped up in the money thing," says Pera, who, as much a mother as a manager to Savannah, tried to keep the star's spending in check. "In the end, that was the straw that broke the camel's back. She lived such a high lifestyle, and suddenly she had no money."

According to Pera, Savannah would spend wildly on designer outfits, cars and expensive gifts for friends. She even bought a waterbed for her dog. Pera claims that she often had to lend Savannah money to pay her bills, despite the blond bombshell's estimated \$250,000 annual income.

Much of the money went toward narcotics. Savannah's dance with drugs and booze probably started in the late '80s while she was traveling with Allman. That's what Savannah's mother, Pamela Wilsey Longoria, claimed in a wrongfuldeath suit she had brought against the rock legend. "Gregg Allman's the one that addicted her to the drugs, and in turn, she had to go into that industry [pornography] to pay for this drug habit that he started her on."

Fellow sex queen Jeanna Fine watched her friend's slide into pot, pills, cocaine and eventually heroin addiction: "Being on screen—whether it's television, movies or pornography—we have a type of personality more inclined to be into drugs. On any level, it's still Hollywood."

Pera notes that Savannah's excesses caught up with her on the night of her suicide: "Savannah was scheduled to do a dance gig in New York the next day, and she was going to FedEx me cash to cover checks that were going to bounce. She couldn't even return the rental car because she didn't have any more credit, cash, or anything. She wrote a bad check to get her dog out of the kennel. When she had the car accident and hurt her face, and suddenly she couldn't go dance, she felt she had no other choice. She felt she was nothing



"Psst...hey, Padre-pornography?"



## Porn Suicides "I saw Cal lying there on the ground and the gun a foot or two

away from him. I thought it was a joke, and I laughed. I thought he was playing a joke on me with fake blood."

else but this exterior, this facade. She was nobody without it."

While cleaning out his daughter's swank, rented home high above Hollywood after her suicide, Michael Wilsey came across an angry letter she had apparently written to him just before the end, but hadn't mailed. The letter read, in part, "I hate you and do not want anything to do with you (or my mother). Where were you 23 years ago? Where were you when my mother was beating the shit out of me every day? Where were you when I was 17 going out with Gregg, a 42-year-old man (looking for the father I never had)? Where were you when I started doing porno movies because I had no other way to survive? Where were you when I started doing heroin? Fuck you! I do not consider you my 'father'-and I never will."

## CAL JAMMER

For weeks, Cal Jammer spoke of suicide and murder. The former Stud of the Year complained to anyone who would listen that he was going broke, that he couldn't find work or pay his bills. Recently separated from his wife, porn actress Jill Kelly, Jammer found himself in an emotional turmoil that threatened his career. Though blessed with an athletic physique and rugged good looks, Cal Jammer was

never the "strongest" adult performer; he sometimes had trouble attaining or maintaining an erection. In the last months of his life, beset by mounting personal difficulties, the problem worsened. Kelly said her late husband was "acting different" in the days before his death. "I should have seen it. When he wouldn't get work or couldn't keep wood, he would get so upset," recalls his widow. "Someone who is insecure can't handle this business. In Cal's case, he couldn't handle the fact that he didn't work all the time."

Finally, on January 25, 1995, Cal cracked. Jammer spent much of the day making alternately threatening and pleading phone calls to his wife. He left angry, rambling messages on her answering machine. At one point, he vowed, "I'm going to do an O. J." Later, he drove to her Hollywood Hills home to confront her, taking with him a black, 9-m.m. semi-automatic handgun, the clip loaded with three bullets. On the way, he continued calling on his cellular phone. At 5:03 p.m., Cal called his own answering machine and left a tearful goodbye message to his family. He kept calling Kelly, screaming, and she kept hanging up on him, telling him she was about to go out.

"He said, 'I need to talk to you; don't leave! If you leave, you'll find me dead

on your doorstep.' But I had heard that so many times before. I ran upstairs to the bathroom and got into the shower and hid. I just didn't want him to think I was home."

As Kelly cowered in her shower, she heard the neighbor's dog barking outside, signaling someone approaching the house. A few moments passed. "I heard a crash, and I jumped. It sounded like a window breaking. I thought Cal had broken a window to get in. I waited about three minutes and heard nothing more. I went downstairs and crawled to the door. There was no broken window."

It was raining as Kelly stepped outside. "I saw Cal lying there on the ground and the gun a foot or two away from him. I thought it was a joke, and I laughed. I thought he was playing a trick on me with fake blood."

But it was no joke. "I moved closer and saw the blood coming out of his head," says Kelly. "I saw his brains. It looked like chewed-up hot dogs coming out of the top of his head. His left eye was filling with blood. I dropped my purse and ran to him and felt his pulse. I lifted up his shirt to see if he was breathing, and he wasn't."

Kelly screamed for help, but in the rain, no one heard her. She stumbled, panic-stricken, back to the house to call 911. "My husband just shot himself in the fucking head!" she yelled into the phone.

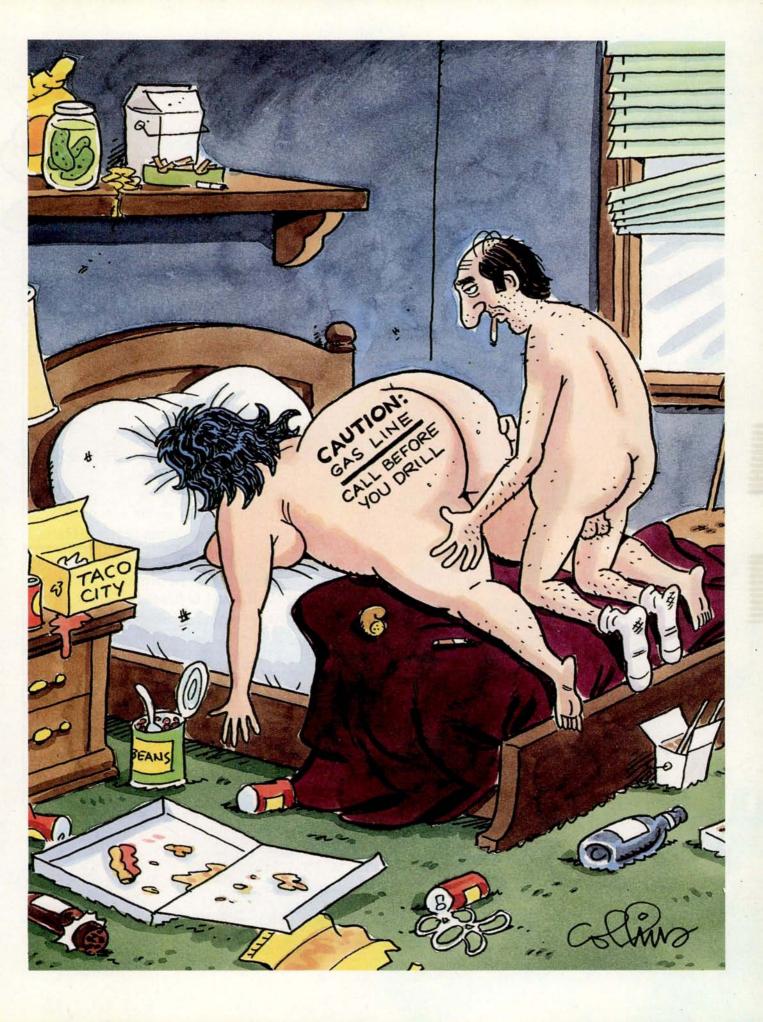
The Los Angeles County Coroner's Report ruled the death a suicide by a "self-inflicted gunshot wound," pronouncing Cal dead at 6:27 p.m. "The decedent was despondent over the separation with his wife and over his not performing well at work." In Cal's pocket was a sealed envelope containing five \$100 bills. On the envelope was scrawled HAPPY BIRTHDAY BIG 24. I'LL ALLWAY LOVE YOU. I SORRY WE DIDN'T WORK OUT. RANDY.

Cal, born Randy Layne Potes on March 2, 1960, in Bethesda, Maryland, made a lot of money during the early part of his porn career. In 1992, he earned \$87,195. He enjoyed the material rewards that go along with a fat bank account: a large condo, a boat, jet skis, motorcycles, a tanning bed. Friend and photographer Scott St. James remembers Cal always driving a new car and sporting expensive threads—"He always gave the appearance of doing really well." Cal not only made money, but was generous with it, flying in girlfriends from out of town, picking up the tab for dinner and giving cash to his family.

(continued on page 122)



"This is getting real old, Noah. We're up to our butts in animal crap!"





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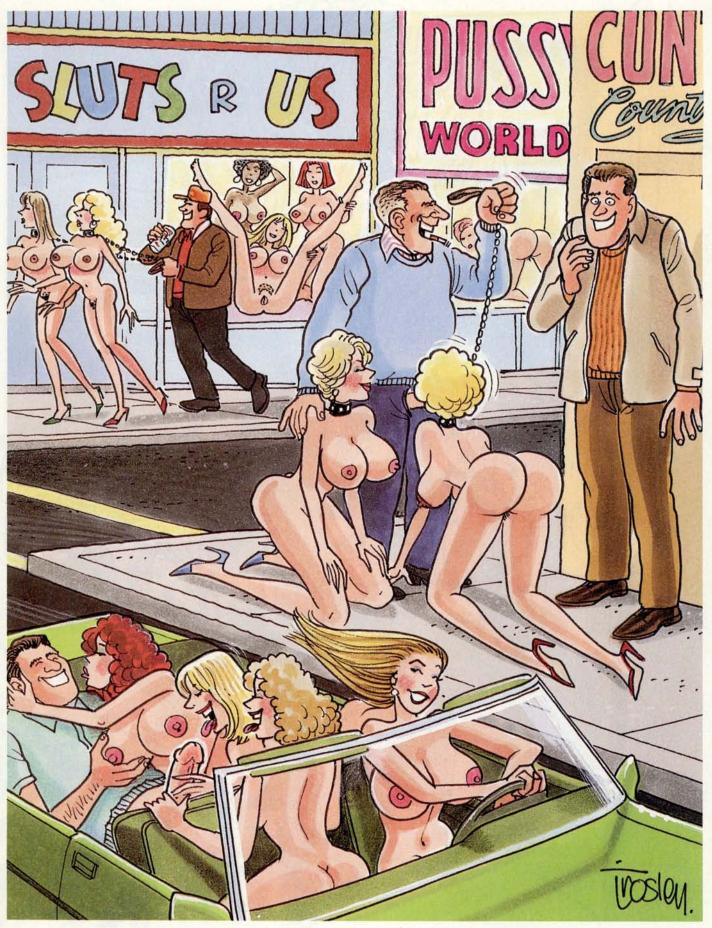












"I've lived in a lot of towns, son, but believe me...there's no place like Chauvinist, Montana!"



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# The public is being taught not only that UFOs are extraterrestrial, but that we should expect "an imminent landing by extraterrestrials and to recognize them as short, gray aliens with big, dark eyes."

In 1961, a craft from another world smashed to the ground in Timmensdorfer, Germany, near the Russian border. Troops arriving on the scene discovered a large sphere sticking out of the soil. Inside the craft were 12 small aliens, all dead. The beings were gray with large, black, insect-like eyes. When later dissected, the bodies were found to be virtual clones of one another, with a physiology wholly unlike that of humans.

Robert O. Dean, a retired Army command sergeant major, has been telling this story a lot lately. He claims an account of the Timmensdorfer UFO crash is contained in a detailed, top-secret NATO report titled "Assessment: An Evaluation of a Possible Military Threat to Allied Forces in Europe." Dean states in *OMNI* (April 1994) that he read the bulky report back in the '60s while assigned to the war room of NATO's Supreme Headquarters Operations Center (SHOC) in Europe. The report, claims Dean, concludes that Earth is being visited regularly by several advanced extraterrestrial civilizations.

There are serious consequences for breaching national security regulations. Consider the Rosenbergs, who were put to death for passing A-bomb secrets to the Soviets; or, more recently, the Aldrich Ames spy case. Curiously, Dean has received not so much as a slap on the wrist for releasing what appears to be the most sensitive information ever held by the government. Why?

One explanation is that the public is intentionally being conditioned to believe that alien beings are regularly visiting Earth. In 1989, astrophysicist Dr. Jacques Vallee presented a paper highly critical of the extraterrestrial-UFO hypothesis to the Eighth Annual Conference of the Society for Scientific Exploration in Boulder, Colorado. He reiterated his findings at the 1992 conference of the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON), asserting that the public is being taught not only that UFOs are extraterrestrial, but that we should expect "an imminent landing by extraterrestrials and to recognize them as short, gray aliens with big, dark eyes."

There is no credible evidence that intelligent life exists elsewhere in the universe or that such life-forms, assuming they exist, have ever visited Earth; nevertheless, the public remains captivated by the possibility of alien visitation. The recent Fox TV airing of the *Alien Autopsy*, which depicts the dissection of an incredibly hokey, bulbous-headed being (purportedly recovered from the site of a UFO crash), drew astronomical ratings. Whitley Strieber's book *Transformation*, which

details the author's abduction by extraterrestrials, was a runaway bestseller. The cover of *Transformation* features a rendering of one of the aliens, who appears, inevitably, as a gaunt, bug-eyed creature with an outsize head.

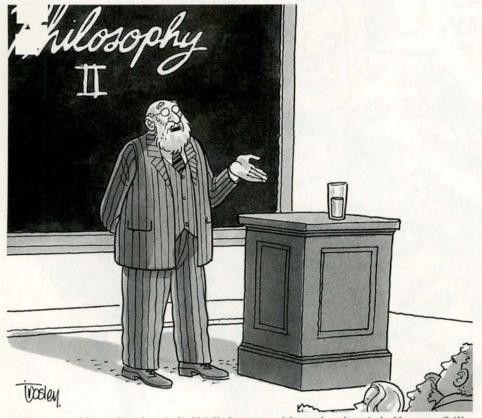
Who invented this hobgoblin from outer space? And why?

As early as 1947, the U.S. Air Force told the press that a flying disk-a "flying saucer"-had crashed near Roswell, New Mexico. Something did indeed crash in early July that year on the ranch of W. W. Brazel, Fragments of a metallic substance were found strewn over a wide area. But was the wreckage from a UFO, or something more mundane? We'll never know. Pieces of wreckage, collected by intelligence officers from Roswell Army Air Field, were flown to "higher headquarters," according to the official press release carried in the Roswell Daily Record. The Air Force later announced that the downed object was actually a weather balloon, but not before the image of flying saucers was firmly ingrained in the consciousness of Americans. Since that time, reports of the recovery of dead alien bodies at the site have flooded the media.

In the 1980s, copies of a document supplying startling information about the Roswell "UFO crash" were sent anonymously to various UFO investigators. The document, stamped Top Secret, purports to be a briefing paper prepared in 1952 for President Eisenhower by the so-called Majestic-12 committee, headed by former CIA director Vice Admiral Roscoe Hillenkoetter. The document reveals details of the crash on Brazel's ranch and the subsequent retrieval of four dead, badly decomposed alien bodies. It goes on to note that civilian and military witnesses were debriefed and that news reporters were given a "cover story" that the object had been a weather balloon. British journalist Timothy Good, author of Alien Contact: Top Secret UFO Files Revealed (Morrow, 1993), now considers the document, a copy of which he received from a U.S. intelligence source in 1987, to be a fake. He argues that President Truman's signature on an attached memo, allegedly sent to Secretary of Defense James Forrestal authorizing the Majestic-12 committee, is almost certainly a forgery.

Dr. Vallee agrees. In Revelations: Alien Contact and Human Deception (Ballantine Books, 1993), he states that the Majestic-12 document is a "contrived disinformation leak."

In 1972, film producers Robert Emenegger and Allan Sandler were (continued on page 96)



"Some would say the glass is half full. Some would say the glass is half empty. Still others would say it's totally unsanitary because I pissed in that glass."



An escaped convict broke into a house and tied up a young couple who had been sleeping in the bedroom.

As soon as he had a chance, the husband turned to his voluptuous young wife, bound up on the bed in a skimpy nightgown, and whispered, "Honey, this guy hasn't seen a woman in years. Just cooperate with anything he wants. If he wants to have sex with you, just go along with it and pretend you like it. Our lives depend on it."

"Dear," the wife hissed, spitting out her gag, "I'm so relieved you feel that way, because he just told me he thinks you have a really nice, tight-looking ass."

Question: What do you get when you combine 50 lesbians and 50 government workers?

Answer: One hundred people who don't do dick.

An ocean liner got shipwrecked a half mile from shore in shark-infested waters.

The ship's captain ran to the deck and shouted, "If anyone can swim past those sharks, it's me! I've had 20 years' experience in these waters!" With that, he jumped in and was immediately torn to pieces by a dozen frenzied sharks.

A minister ran up, beseeching the heavens: "Lord, I pray, protect me from those sharks so that I might save the lives of all souls on board!" The minister dove into the waters and was eaten in three gulps by a great white shark.

When a lawyer kicked off his wing-tip shoes and plunged into the waters, the sharks parted and cleared a path for him to swim all the way to shore.

As soon as the lawyer reached help on shore, an amazed rescuer looked out at the shark-filled waters and shouted, "Nobody could have made it through that treacherous sea! It's a miracle!"

"Miracle, my ass," the lawyer scoffed, looking out at the sharks, "that was professional courtesy." He gave her his usual answer: "Hell no. What do I look like, a fucking TV repairman?"

That night, the toilet started to run. "Will you fix it, dear?" Mary asked.

"Hell no. What do I look like, a fucking plumber?"

The next day, when Ralph came home from work, he saw Mary with a big grin on her face and all the appliances in the house working like new.

"Good, you finally got the repairmen to come out."

"No," Mary replied, "it was Willy from next door. He told me he'd fix everything for free if I either baked him a pie or had sex with him."

Ralph shot her a suspicious glance. "You did bake him a pie, didn't you?"

Mary smiled. "Hell no. What do I look like, a fucking pastry chef?"

young puppy ran up to his father and yelped, "I just saw something really gross. Two humans were sticking their tongues into each other's mouth."

"I know it seems disgusting, son," his father growled authoritatively while licking his balls, "but that's just their way of sniffing butts."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a wedding as: a funeral where you get to smell your own flowers.

The cops arrested a guy at the local mortuary who was screwing a dead brunette.

"Why, you sick little fuck," one of the cops taunted him. "Why the hell can't you have sex with live women like everybody else?"

"I used to," the suspect pleaded, "but every time I did, they called the cops on me."

An Aztec warrior entered the sleeping chamber of a beautiful maiden. "Bad news," the warrior announced, "I just found out that you're going to be killed tomorrow in the sacrifice of the virgin."

"What will I do?" the virgin screamed.

"Relax," the warrior said, pulling out his dick and letting it grow hard in his hand. "Spread your legs, and I'll start saving your life immediately."

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O. J.'s personal investigation continues....





"I never know where my inspiration is going to come from," bubbles Regina, an adoption counselor with a passion for interior decorating. "Today it might be Roman Empire. Tomorrow, the *Jetsons*. I try never to limit my creativity."

#### WHAT'S WITH THE CHAIR?

Regina drapes her long, sinewy frame over the strange contraption. One leg is raised across the chair's protruding arm, revealing a delicate, pink fold.

"This, I couldn't pass up. One of my boyfriends says

it looks like something you'd find in a dungeon. Another thought it was one of those fancy masturbation machines."

## WELL?

"Like I said, I'm not going to rein myself in."









# UFO In Revelations, Dr. Vallee argues that the U.S. military may have developed devices that "look like flying saucers," but are "primarily intended for psychological warfare."

reportedly approached by U.S. Air Force officers offering them information on UFOs. They say they were subsequently invited to the Pentagon, where they met with high-ranking Air Force personnel who allegedly showed them photographs and film of UFOs and small, gray-skinned alien beings. In Alien Contact, Good reports that Emenegger told him that he and Sandler were then invited, in 1973, to Norton Air Force Base, in San Bernardino, California, to meet with intelligence officers who claimed that an alien spacecraft had landed at Holloman Air Force Base, in Alamogordo, New Mexico. The landing had been filmed, they were told, and the producers were promised part of the film for use in their documentary. Later, however, one of the Pentagon officials suddenly withdrew the offer.

According to Good, an Air Force counterintelligence officer later confirmed the Holloman landing to independent filmmaker Linda Moulton Howe during a visit to Kirtland Air Force Base, in Albuquerque. Furthermore, she was reportedly shown an official document providing details of the Roswell incident and the small, gray-skinned aliens recovered from the site. Howe, like Emenegger and Sandler, was promised a copy of the Hollomon film footage for an upcoming documentary she was preparing for HBO. Again, the footage never materialized. Later, the counterintelligence officer denied showing or offering anything to Howe. In Alien Contact, Good notes: "In our many conversations on the matter, Howe has left me in no doubt who is telling the truth about the Kirtland Air Force Base meeting." He concluded that Howe had been "fed disinformation."

Several years after the Roswell incident, in early 1953, a secret panel convened by the CIA met in Washington, D.C. A report of the proceedings was not completely declassified until 22 years later. The subject of the meeting was UFOs. Present were CIA officials Dr. H. Marshall Chadwell, Ralph L. Clark and Philip G. Strong, as well as several top-level scientists.

Ostensibly, the panel was set up to scientifically analyze recent reports of unidentified flying objects, but it soon became apparent that the CIA had a hidden agenda. The Agency's real focus turned out to be the effects of UFO reports upon the general populace.

The CIA focused on the potential of such reports for use in "psychological warfare." The panel's final report emphasized the public's "current gullibility...and consequently their susceptibility to clever hostile propaganda." In addition, the Agency ordered that private UFO-investigation groups be placed under surveillance.

Following these secret meetings, a well-funded UFO group, known as the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP), set up operations in the nation's capital. The organization became well-known for its vitriolic criticism of the government's handling of the UFO phenomenon and steadfastly promoted the extraterrestrial theory of UFOs during the '50s and '60s. Not generally known at the time was that former highranking CIA officials were positioned prominently within the organization. On the board of governors were former CIA director Hillenkoetter and Colonel Joseph J. Bryan III, founder and chief of the CIA's Psychological Warfare Staff.

On June 24, 1947—just days before the Roswell "UFO crash"-a Boise businessman named Kenneth Arnold, a licensed air-rescue pilot, was flying his private plane over Mt. Rainier, Washington, searching for a downed aircraft, when he spotted nine unknown objects flying in formation and making an undulating motion like "a saucer skipping over water." An experienced observer, Arnold estimated that the unidentified flying objects were traveling in excess of 1,700 miles per hour, a speed unattainable by any known aircraft of the time. Curiously, drawings of the objects, based upon Arnold's detailed observations, closely resemble today's F-117A Stealth fighter.

As early as the 1940s, the U.S. Navy built prototypes of a radical, disk-shaped aircraft, the XF5U-1, otherwise known as the Flying Flapjack. A manned version of the craft called the V-173 performed remarkably well in over 100 test flights. Abe Dane, writing in *Popular Mechanics* (January 1995), notes that a detailed patent filed by the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in 1953 describes yet another saucer-shaped aircraft capable of speeds in excess of Mach 4. If this craft ever flew, it was a closely guarded secret; there is no mention of it beyond the patent. It is interesting to note, however, that the craft was the brainchild of Lockheed, the creator of Stealth technology and the F-117A.

In Revelations, Dr. Vallee argues that the U.S. military may have developed devices that "look like flying saucers," but are "primarily intended for psychological warfare." He further asserts that

(continued on page 112)



"Actually, I'm just working as a waiter until I can be murdered by an ex-football star stabbing his wife .... "



"Hold it! Something has just arrived from the Governor!"



































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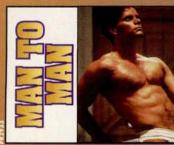
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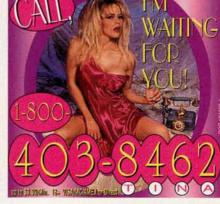
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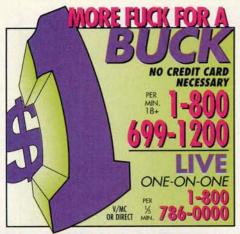


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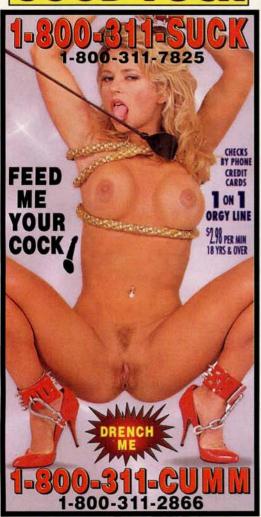




















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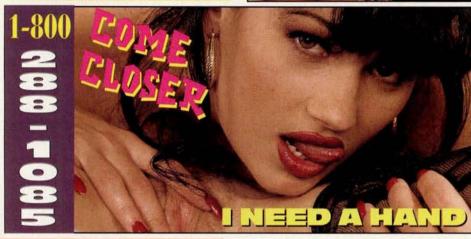




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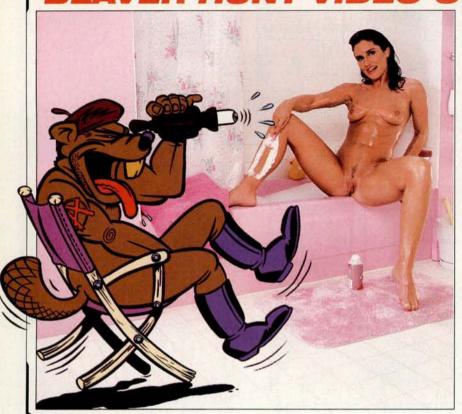


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# LIGHTS...CAMERA...

# **BEAVER HUNT VIDEO CONTEST IS ON!**



HUSTLER sounded the call for women of every race, creed and color to take it all off, grab a video camera and show a nation what they're made of. America responded with a deluge of entries for the Beaver Hunt Video Contest. Now it's your chance to take a shot at the \$5,000 Grand Prize. Simply throw a VHS tape into the camcorder and capture your Beaver doing what Beaver does best-whether it's fucking, masturbating, being shaved, being sucked, or simply looking pretty. The only limits are your kinky imagination! All participants must fill out the Model Release Form on the next page (make photocopies of the Form for friends if activities turn to group sex). Be sure to include photocopies of two forms of identification for everyone on camera, and send entries to Beaver Hunt Video Contest, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. The hottest tapes of the finest ladies will be included in the upcoming Beaver Hunt Video series, and the winning gals receive \$250-not to mention that \$5,000 reward for the Grand Prize Winner. If you've got what it takes to light up the Beaver screen, then let the cameras roll-the video Hunt is on!

(continued from page 96)

# "There is always the possibility that the whole alien scenario is the greatest hoax in history, designed to create an alien enemy from outer space in order to expedite the formation of a one-world government."

"some UFO sightings are covert experiments in the manipulation of the belief systems of the public" and that "some of the most remarkable sightings are actually complex hoaxes that have been carefully engineered for our benefit."

One such hoax may be the Bentwaters case. In December 1980, UFOs were reportedly viewed at close range by various military personnel in Rendlesham Forest, England, near Bentwaters Air Base. A military installation leased to the U.S. under the auspices of NATO, Bentwaters is traditionally associated with advanced military research.

USAF Lt. Colonel Charles Halt, deputy base commander at Bentwaters, freely admitted that the highly restricted area had been besieged by brightly glowing UFOs that performed intricate maneuvers and even landed, leaving behind tripod markings.

Halt wasn't the only one who was forthcoming. Other base personnel spoke with virtually anyone interested in the case; they confirmed, even embellished, the account provided by Deputy Commander Halt. British UFO investigator Jenny Randles, author of From Out of

the Blue (Berkley Books, 1993), describes one airman's "encounter" with three small, silver-suited aliens making repairs to their craft while suspended in a shaft of light. The airman went so far as to suggest that the commander of the base himself had directly communicated with the alien visitors during their hours-long stopover.

If these astonishing revelations are indeed fabricated to wage a kind of "psychological warfare" on the American public, the question begs: For what purpose?

Former U.S. Navy intelligence officer William Cooper, author of *Behold a Pale Horse* (Light Technology Publishing, 1991), produces an ominous answer: For the consolidation of power.

Like Robert Dean and others, Cooper claims to have seen numerous documents purporting proof of an alien presence on Earth. At first he believed such reports, but now concludes that he was most likely set up to disseminate disinformation. Notes Cooper, "There is always the possibility that I was used, that the whole alien scenario is the greatest hoax in history, designed to create an alien enemy from outer space in order to expedite the

formation of a one-world government."

Sounding an Orwellian tone, Cooper's misgivings ask for the careful consideration of statements made by prominent political leaders. In May 1988, the Associated Press reported comments made by President Ronald Reagan during a speech in Chicago to the National Strategy Forum, a group specializing in foreign policy and national-security issues. The President spoke of the possible outcome of a threat "from outer space." Said Reagan: "Wouldn't we all of a sudden find that we didn't have any differences between us at all; that we were all citizens of the world; and wouldn't we come together to fight that particular threat?"

Thirty years earlier, General Douglas MacArthur made equally bizarre, seemingly off-the-wall statements, as reported in the *New York Times*. "The nations of the world will have to unite," he said, "for the next war will be an interplanetary war."

For Cooper and others, these sentiments lay the groundwork for the supreme sucker punch—a fake invasion from outer space, orchestrated by a powerful elite yearning for a New World Order.

112



Boating and fishing are two of the ways this busy model from Rivergrove, Illinois, likes to unwind. Melanie, 24, takes this opportunity to model her fur. If she uses it as bait when she goes fishing, this gal is sure to get a lot of nibbles and bites.

Attention, ladies! The 1996 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$250 and a chance at the 1996 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth \$5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500, and the Finalists' photographers win \$250. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.



Suzanne is an unbelievable 36 years old, a mother of two and a nurse. This denizen of Ontario, Canada, reads HUSTLER every month. She enjoys refinishing wood furniture and seems to get an excellent polish using her butt cheeks in the buff. She also looks like the perfect cure for any sexual fantasy, however feverish or sick.

# Amateur Photo/Video Contests \* WIN \$5,000

### RELEASE MODEL FORM I D SEE

To enter HUSTLER Beaver Hunt or HUSTLER Video Beaver Hunt you must fill out and send this release and COPIES OF TWO FORMS OF ID, ONE WITH PHOTO (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in the VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. If we publish your photo or choose your video, you'll win \$250 and a chance to be chosen for an extended pictorial or feature video worth \$5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

PRINT

Model's name	Hobbies
Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name	
Name to be published	Sexual Fantasies (Include separate sheet if necessary)
Date of birth Phone (Include area code)	
Model's Social Security number	
Address	Photographer/Cameraperson
City State Zip	Address
Occupation	City State Zip

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY.

In consideration of \$250, I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affili ates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, full worldwide rights and exclusive permission in perpetuity to copyright and/or publish any photographs or videos of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, video footage, portraits or any of the above information, whether true or fictional. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos, and that my video footage may be accompanied by commentary and can be distributed with other affiliated videos, and that my photographs or video image can be published in other HUSTLER affiliated magazines. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model)





Shown making a damn strong argument in favor of tailgating, is Lacey. She's a 30-year-old dancer from San Jose, California, who loves carousels and would love to make love on a carousel. That's an idea anyone seeing this picture could certainly pony up to.

Photo by Friend

Twenty-three-year-old Kimberly Ann is a student and dancer from Bennington, Vermont. For hobbies, Kimberly Ann favors outdoor activities such as in-line skating and running, which poses a problem: What to do to break the tedium of being cooped up indoors during those long, punishing Vermont winters? Luckily for Kimberly Ann, her nastiest sexual fantasy centers on bondage, and that makes punishing winters all the more enjoyable, especially with such an excellent pair of winter boots.

Photo by Friend



This 22-year-old from Stanley, Kansas, comes to us dressed in nothing but her name: Lace—and it certainly does become her. A computer trainer by day, she enjoys a number of hobbies, including sleeping and giving pleasure to her fiance. She dreams of having sex with him while photo by Fiance







For some private-eye pie, here's Dianne, a 31-year-old private investigator from St. Louis, Missouri. She is shown here opening the case of her fuzzy, pink beaver. A thorough investigation would be deeply satisfying.

Photo by Husband



Debowa is a 21-year-old business proprietor from Wieliczka, Poland. She likes to ride horses, fly in planes and "orgy" with her husband. She is shown contributing to the thaw in East-West relations by spreading warmth from her fleecy muff. A pretty face, a perfect pair and a nice smile. All of these will help international relations. Photo by Husband



Operation Beaver is under way! The U.S. Army base at Fort Polk, Louisiana, has now fielded one of its most awesome weapons: Heather. She's a soldier, and she's 19. When she's not busy defending our way of life, Heather unwinds by rapeling off cliffs and scaring the locals on her Harley. This girl kicks ass. Are there any retards out there who still think women don't belong in the Army?

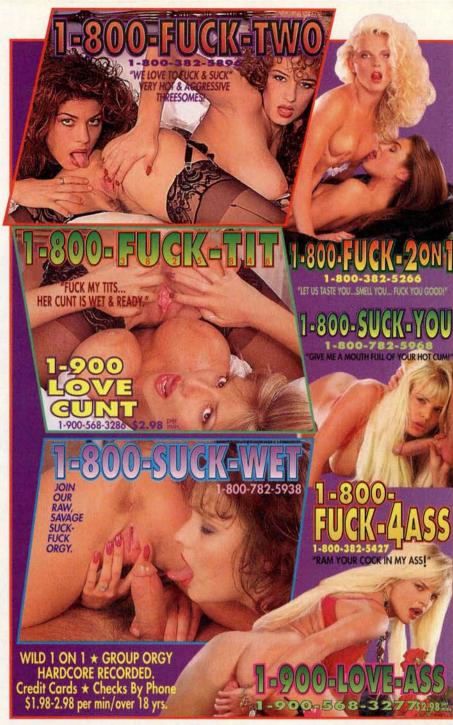
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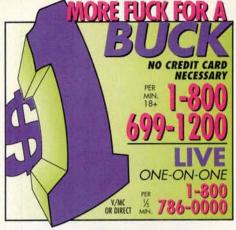
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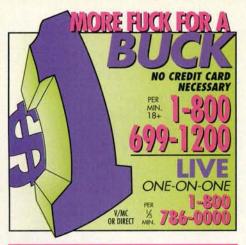
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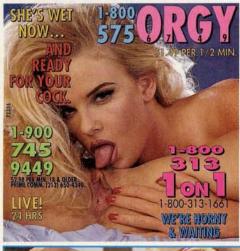




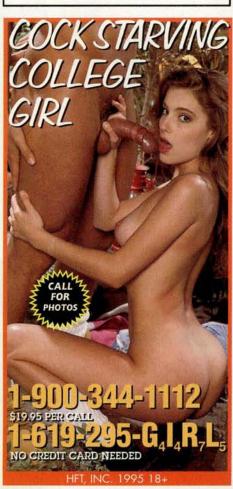
















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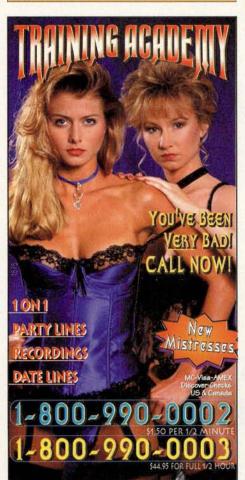
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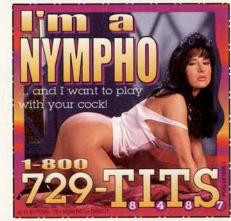




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# Porn Suicides "She thought, 'Here I won Best New Starlet. Now it's going to

be a little easier—I don't have to fight as hard for roles and box covers.' It turned out to be just the opposite."

When Cal died, he had two bank accounts: one, in the name of Cal Jammer, was three dollars overdrawn; the other, in his real name, had a balance of \$400. In the days before he killed himself at the age of 34, Cal had glumly told his mother that he might be forced to move back in with her for a while until he got back on his feet.

In a taped "suicide note" that the actor left on his answering machine less than an hour before he died, he said, in part: "Hello, if anybody is listening to this, this is Randy. I love everybody and uh, (unintelligible). Nobody wanted to help me so...I knew I needed the help. I love you, Mom and Dad. (unintelligible) I always loved you guys .... I'm sorry I let you down (unintelligible)...."

### ALEX JORDAN

While the suicides of Savannah and Cal Jammer were of no surprise to some sexindustry insiders, the death of Alex Jordan, whose real name was Karen Hughes, came as a shock. A veteran of more than 175 hard-core films, Jordan also co-owned Realistic Video with her husband, Michael Hughes, and produced her own video series, Alex Jordan's First Timers. "Alex came off as a very happy-go-lucky person, and very proud and enthusiastic about her work," remembers friend Tiffany Million. Her husband agrees. "She was a great actress. She fooled me; she fooled her family; she fooled her friends. Nobody had a clue what was going on."

In 1993, Alex won the highly coveted Best New Starlet trophy at the Adult Video News award ceremonies in Las Vegas. Such honors are supposed to signal a prosperous future, but for Alex, a "new starlet" fast becoming an old one, it actually signaled the beginning of the end of her career. "Right after she won the award, all the video companies just slammed the door right in her face," remembers her husband bitterly. "It resulted in nothing. She thought, 'Here I won Best New Starlet. Now it's going to be a little easier-I don't have to fight as hard for roles and box covers.' It turned out to be just the opposite."

Though a well-built and ravenous performer, the 31-year-old Jordan had neither natural good looks nor youth to keep her career track going anywhere but down-and apparently she knew it.

"She had her whole identity wrapped up in the industry's opinion of who she was and what she was about," says Million. "That was a big mistake. This is not an industry for weak, fragile personalities. The innermost parts of people are exposed, literally and figuratively. Alex felt a sense of rejection because she was 31 and her face was hard looking; she was not a real pretty girl."

Says Hughes: "The industry goes gaga over the fresh meat of the month, and here's someone who's been around a couple of years, and they won't give her the time of day.'

Jordan's mental state declined to where she became fixated on her pet bird, Frisco. According to the coroner's report, Jordan had sent the bird to Breckenridge, Colorado, to be cared for by her husband, who was opening a ski shop there. On June 27, 1995, Hughes informed his wife that the bird had died. No one heard or saw Alex after that, and it is presumed that she killed herself that day or the next. According to Hughes, a suicide note left by Alex Jordan paints a bleak portrait: "She snapped. She lost her mind. Basically, the note was written to her Frisco. It was like, 'Goodbye, world, I'm going to join my bird."

Karen Dunne-Maxim, co-coordinator of the Suicide Prevention Project at the University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey, is skeptical of the idea that porn is at the root of the deaths. She does, however, think there might be a "contagion" factor-that one suicide might make it easier for the next person to off himself.

"A contagion is not necessarily related to an occupation, but to a network. Certain types of suicides occur as copycats. The American Ballet Theatre had a group of suicides once. It's more related to friends in a network that see somebody else choosing this as a way to solve problems."

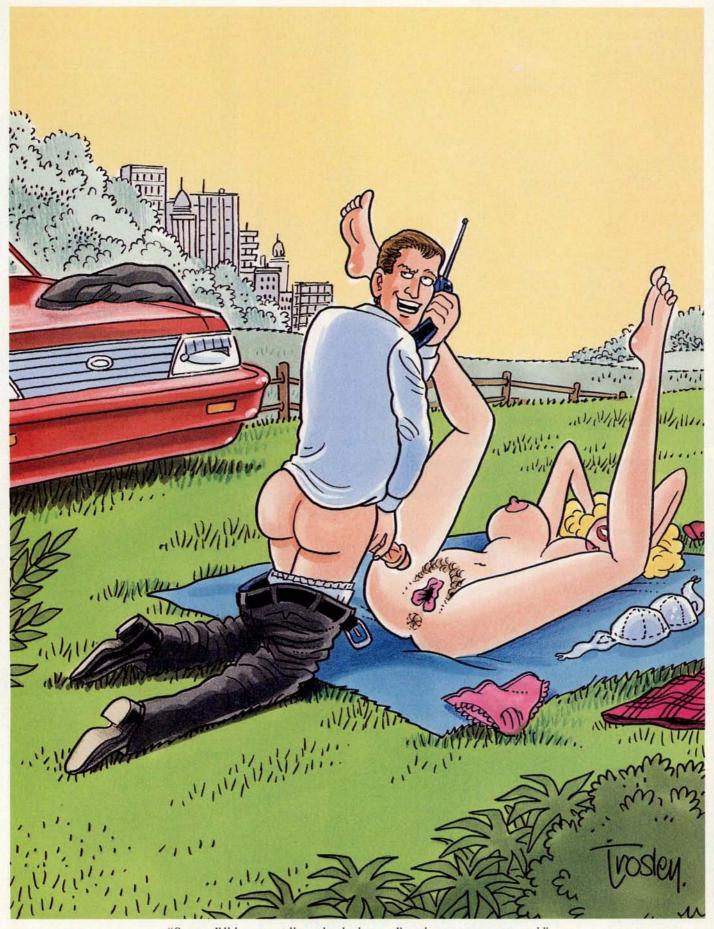
Blaming pornography for the recent rash of actor suicides is an oversimplification at best, and a falsity at worst. In fact, some see the adult-entertainment industry as a safe haven for wandering souls who feel ostracized by society at large.

"A lot of these people wouldn't have survived if it hadn't been for pornography," believes former porn star Kelly Nichols. "A lot of us would be in the gutter on drugs. The industry puts you with a group of other mutants, and you form your own little band."

Porn director Paul Norman agrees. "You never know how many lives have been saved because somebody's fit in here where they wouldn't have fit in anywhere else. We are all a bit of the walking wounded, but the ones that go over the edge would have gone over the edge anyway. Maybe this business helped them survive a little bit longer."



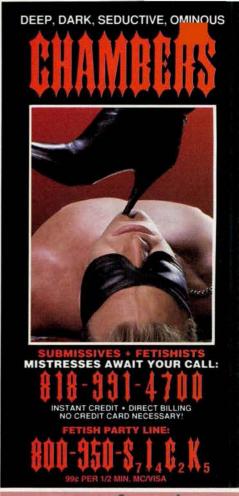
"We've done every test. The reason you can't have children is because God thinks it's a really bad idea."



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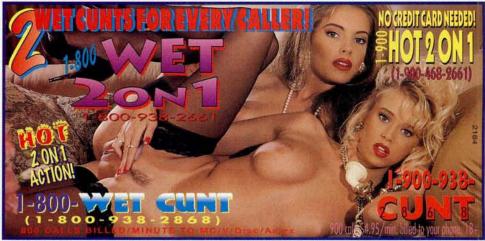






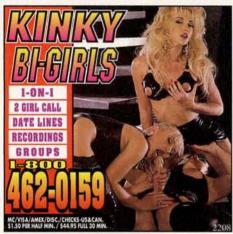


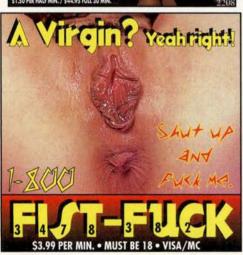




































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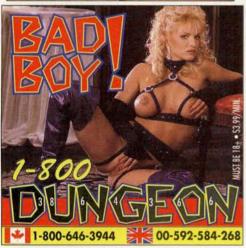
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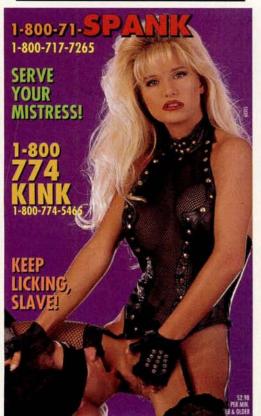












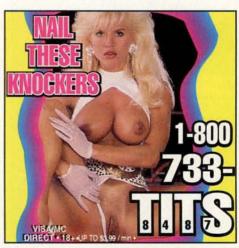










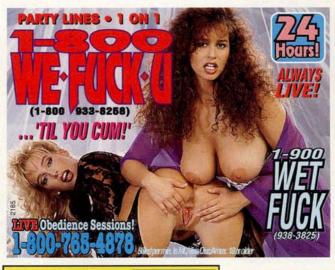














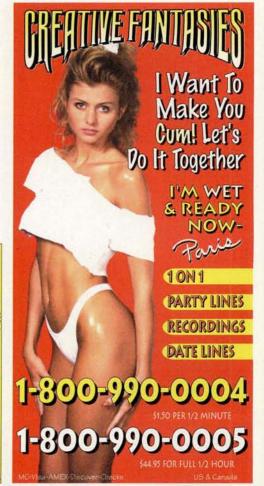


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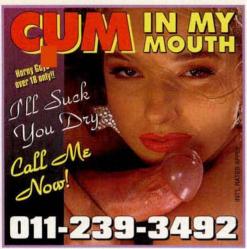
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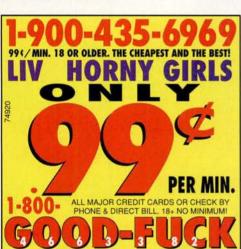
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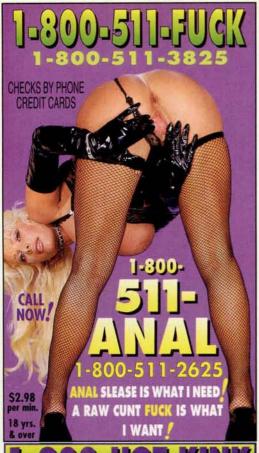




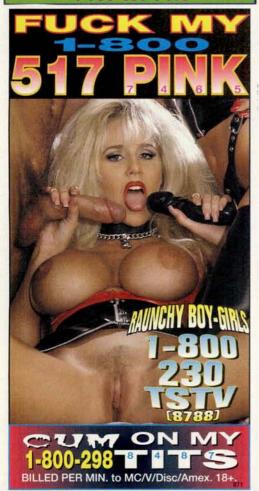


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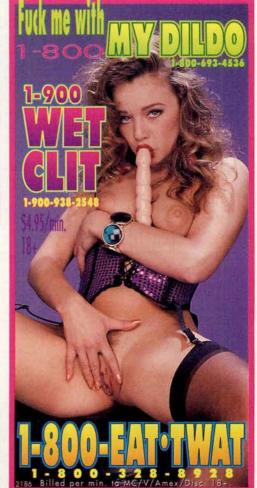
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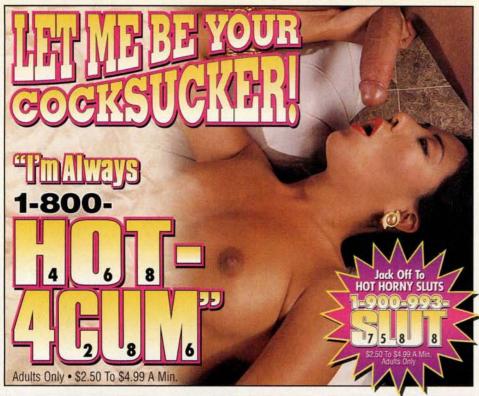
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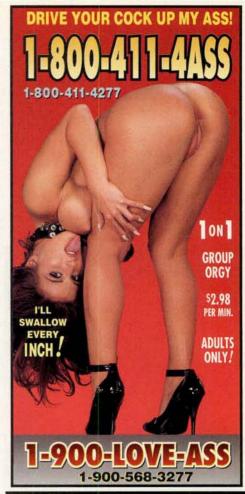
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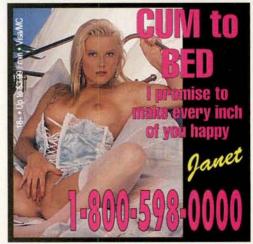




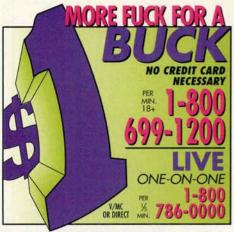


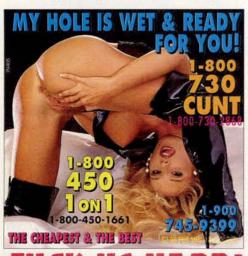






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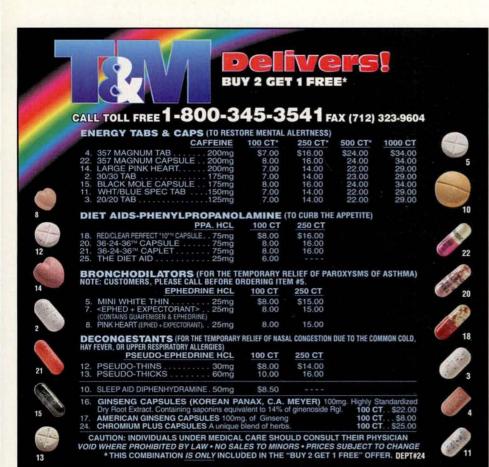


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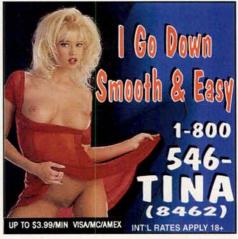
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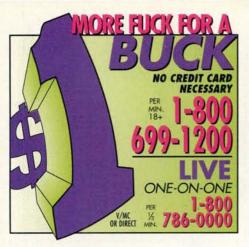
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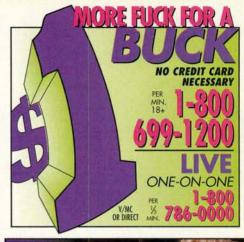








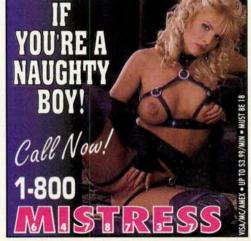




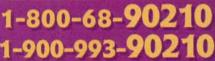










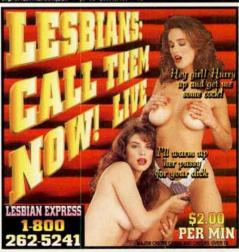








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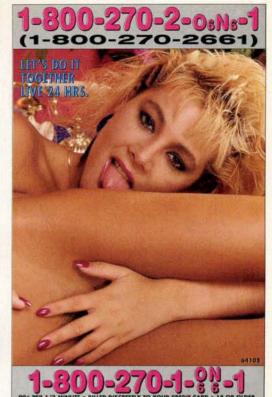
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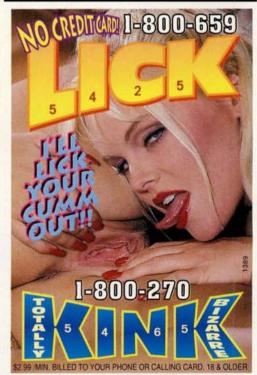




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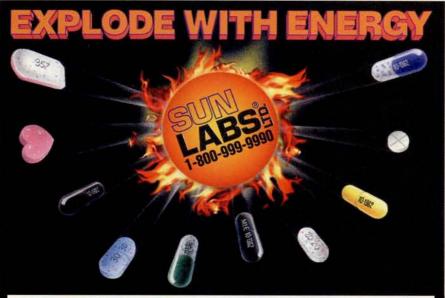
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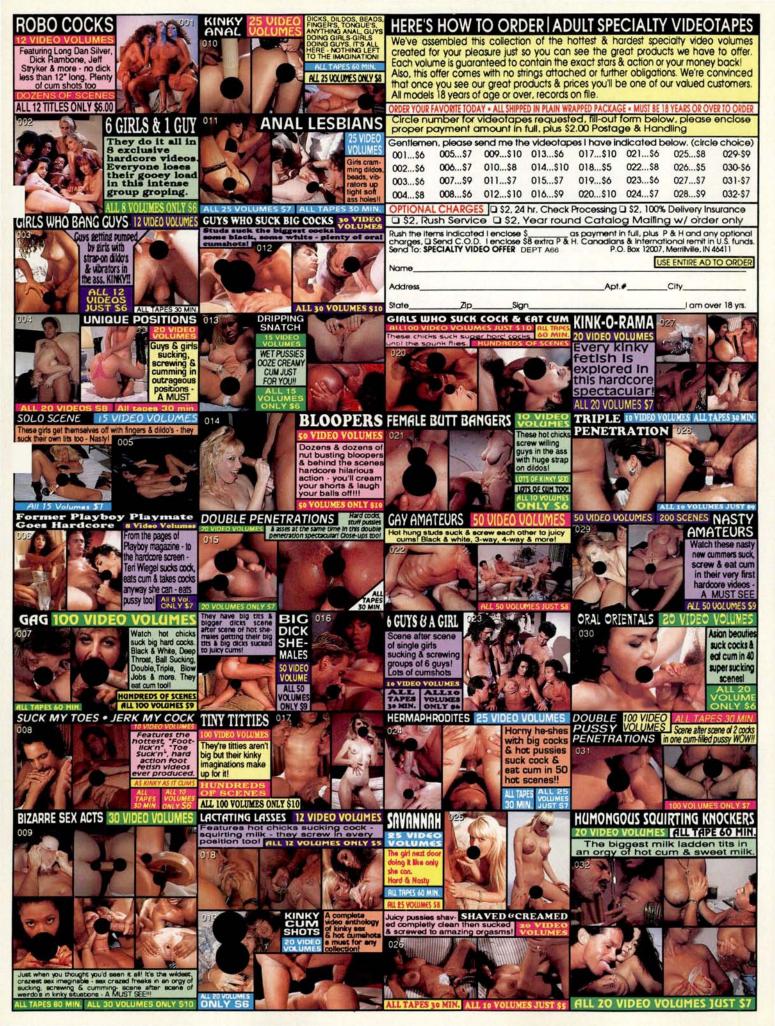
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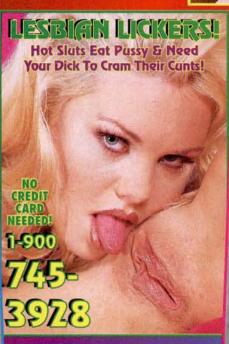
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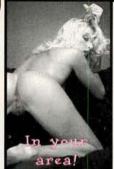
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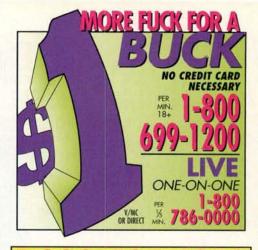
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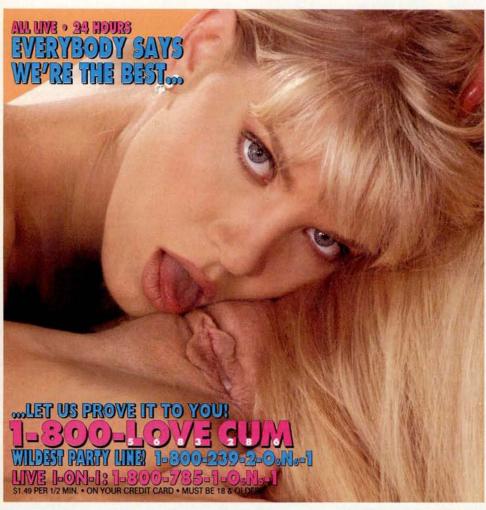
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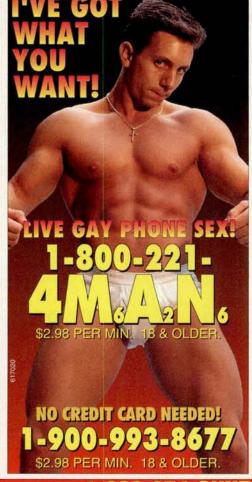












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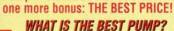
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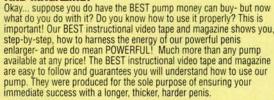
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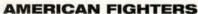




# HUSTLER

### **AMERICAN BIRTHDAYS**

The two things all brave men will fight for—freedom and pussy—are both celebrated in the month of July with the twin birthdays of America and her favorite magazine, HUSTLER. Turning 22 years old this month, HUSTLER commemorates its birth with a ball-bursting display of flesh fireworks. Meat rockets will soar and explode over the lily-white face of a water nymph caught cooling the long lips of her snizz in the surging tide; an untamed blonde in leopard skins plays hard on a rock; a brunette with silver-dollar nipples gambols naked on a roulette wheel, inviting all comers to shoot their wads; high-class lezzies in black boots savage their snatches on a pretty pink bed; a waif uses the soft persuasions of her velvet breasts to harden her stud's tool into an iron-hard cunt plow. Open HUSTLER this July and come on America's birthday.



"My father made me a fighter. The only memories I have are of boxing. Nothing else. And boxing is a cruel and vicious sport, a one-on-one confrontation with your life that you can't win." HUSTLER correspondent Robert Mladinich profiles the rise and demise of an American boxing dynasty that never was in *Pro Boxing's Brother's Grim: Quarry Family Values*. Nearly three decades ago, Jerry Quarry fought Muhammad Ali, Joe Frazier and Floyd Patterson in big-purse matches; today, he's a penniless drifter suffering from *pugilistica dementia*. What went wrong? The answers have as much to do with the punishing blows of boxing as they do with the hard knocks of life.

### AMERICAN PORN

Each year more than 80,000 mooks descend on Las Vegas, Nevada, for the Consumer Electronics Show, where the entire adult-entertainment industry convenes to strut its stuff for the new year, party into the wee hours and, sometimes, trade fisticuffs. Is it just another trade show, or is it, in the words of Max Hardcore, "a gathering of more fresh pussy than a Catholic girls' school"? To find out, HUSTLER correspondent Mack Assarian reports from Las Vegas in *Tails From the Trade: Porn Does the CES in Vegas*.

# AMERICAN ORIGINALS

July's Sex Play celebrates HUSTLER's birthday with an XXX remembrance by Alex Marvel, "My First HUSTLER"; Bits & Pieces delivers a hit record from Pootie and the Blowfarts and seven filthy words from the nasty lips of Lady Diana; Erotic Entertainment rewards the wicked and punishes everything else; and in Beaver Hunt, July gets wet with open pussies courtesy of your neighbor's wife.

July HUSTLER on sale May 7, 1996









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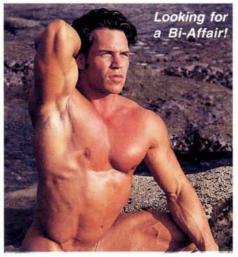
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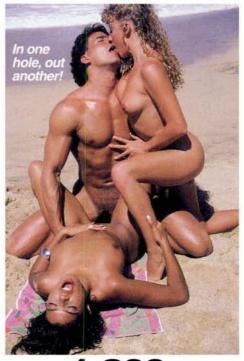
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